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GOKULAM

Of all created things, the loveliest
And most divine are children.

— William Canton.



Vol. VI, No. 8

Dear children,

February '94

Not everybody can dash off a story easily. And nobody knows this fact better than Raghu.

Raghu lives down my street and is fourteen years old. He wants to gain fame as a writer. And he came to me for advice.

"I can't give you any," I told him. Then seeing his crestfallen face, I added, "Why don't you write something and show it to me? Maybe I could tell you if you need to improve it."

Raghu's face lit up. He dashed out of my house.

The next day was a Sunday. I had my feet up with an early morning coffee and the newspaper. The gate creaked. Raghu slowly walked in, sheets of paper in his hand. His hair was unkempt and he wore yesterday's clothes.

"What happened?" I asked.

"I sat all night writing," replied Raghu, "And this is all I did." He showed me two sheets of paper full of crossed-out sentences.

"You must help me become a writer!" he cried.

This incident made me think.

That's why I've made this an issue for young writers.

Read on for hints to make you a better writer.

Love,
Basijudh
Editor.



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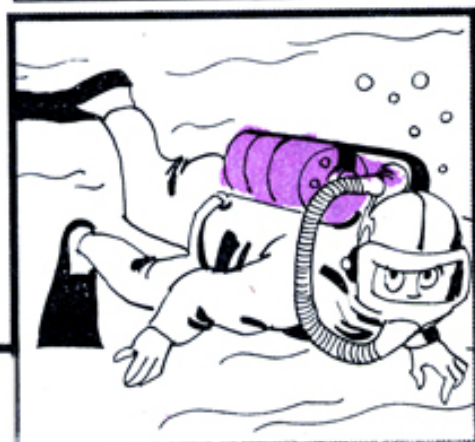
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LALITHA





LETTER BOX

Dear Editor,

◆ The Undir family story has not been published in the December issue. Has it been stopped?

**Aparna P. Rao, aged 10,
Pondicherry and
C. Anupama, aged 10,
Bangalore - 96.**

No, Aparna and Anupama. Turn to page 36 in this issue. Ed.

Dear Editor,

◆ 'Gokulam' has so many pages of fun but it still costs less. There are many other magazines who have less pages but cost more. How is it so? Do you make any profit?

**Priyanka Garg, aged 10,
New Bombay.**

It's encouragement from people like you that keeps us going Priyanka. Ed.

Dear Editor,

◆ B. Gitanjali of Bangalore wrote a poem 'Newspapers' in the January '94 issue. I wish to tell her that 'The Hindu' of Madras publishes a four page column supplement for children called 'Young World' on Saturdays.

**S. Sandhya,
aged 11,
Madras-
600 061.**



* Teach a child...

Dear Editor,

◆ In 'The Play', December '93 issue, D. Dharmendara said that he was listening to the album 'Bad' by Michael Jackson. He says that the song 'Thriller' was on. But the fact is that 'Thriller' appears in the album 'Thriller' and not 'Bad'.

I am sure all M.J. fans will regard this as a matter of great importance.

**Kamal Raj, aged 15,
Stanee H.S.S., Coimbatore.**

Dear Editor,

◆ D. Dharmendra says in 'The Play' that he was listening to the album 'Bad' and that the song 'Thriller' was on. How can that be when 'Thriller' is a separate album and does not appear on 'Bad'?

**R. Anjoo Sharon, aged 13,
Coimbatore - 641 002.**

Dear Editor,

◆ The picture story 'Dr. Goats Medicine Box' in the January issue was copied from Tinkle, where it appeared as 'The Brave Goat'. Karthik and Rajeshwari have just changed the title.

**G. Pradeep Ram-
nath, aged 11,
Madras - 600 004 and
V. Harini, aged 8,
Madras - 600 017.**

Dear Editor,

Three months ago, I began to teach the alphabet to my little servant girl. To my surprise, not only has she learnt to write her name, but can also write letters to her sister.

I request my 'Gokulam' friends — can each one of you teach an illiterate child of your servant's? It will help us decrease the rate of illiteracy.

Laxmi.

Dear Laxmi,

You have not given your address or age on your letter. Please send it to us. Ed.

Dear Editor,

I have written several letters to be published in 'Letter Box' and 'Viewpoint'. But to my disappointment, only one has been published. Why?

Pooja Sahani,
Bellampalli - 504 251.

This is a question every other contributor to 'Gokulam' asks, Pooja. I



am sure you understand.

Ed.

Snippets from our readers

The cut-out doll 'Sudha' (January issue) was beautiful! I coloured her ghagra dress with its dupatta in nice colours. I kept it in our show-case. Everyone asked me where I had bought it.

B. Mahima Shivanuja, aged 12,
Madras - 89.



I made many more dresses for Sudha, on my own.

Mamta, aged 14,
Salem - 636 030.

I liked the December issue very much. I even liked 'The Skunk'. I had never heard of it before. Now I have a new animal name for the game 'Name-Place-Animal-Thing'.

J. Thirumalesh, aged 13,
Bangalore - 560 075.

The essay 'Good, Bad or Ugly' by Swarna Krishnan (January issue) was superb.

B. Vishvesh, Hyderabad,
and R. Balu, Coimbatore.

The 'Story of the Sun' (January issue) was great. I liked it very much.

S. Sivakumar,
Madras, and
S. Aparna and
S. Avinash,
Madurai - 625 016.

In the January issue, Appu (Appu and Kuku) did not have the plaster on his forehead. Why?

Vathsala, aged 12 and
Prasad, aged 10,
Mangalore - 575 010.

The plaster appears only when naughty Appu has hurt himself. Ed.

“**A**nd that’s the story of the great king Manu Needhi Cholan,” the teacher shut the book and laid it on the desk.

He looked up to find the young prince in tears.

“I too,” said the prince, “Am going to ask father to hang a huge bell outside the palace.”

The shining

decade and half. Now old, and not very strong, it was of no use to him. The selfish man simply stopped feeding the horse and turned it out of his house.

The poor old horse roamed hither and thither, eating a little grass and the few plants it saw. Whenever it wandered into a garden, it was chased out by the owners.

BELL OF

JUSTICE

new bell was huge. A structure was built specially for it. It had been constructed in the middle of the marketplace. But the bell was never used. The king ruled so well, that his citizens were happy and contented.

Time passed. The old king died. The little prince, now quite grown up, became king and a son was born to him.

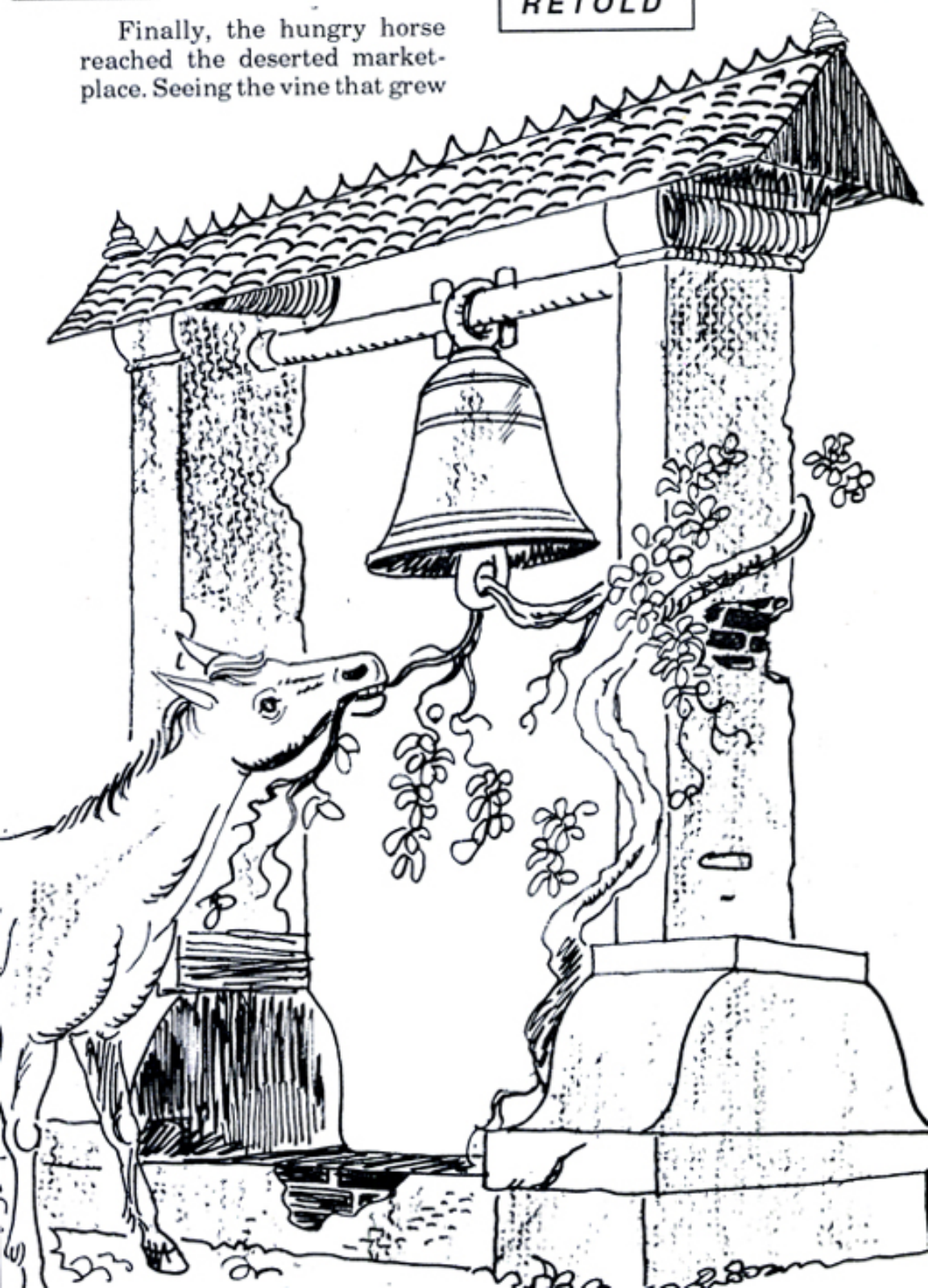
The bell hung forlorn and forgotten in the deserted old marketplace. The bell-rope had frayed and fallen away. The structure now had vines crawling over it. Some passer-by, to amuse himself, had tied a vine to the gong of the bell.

In that city, lived a rich miser. He had an old horse which had served him well for a



STORIES
RETOLD

Finally, the hungry horse
reached the deserted market-
place. Seeing the vine that grew





The miser stood before the ruler whinnying like a rat.

"Sire! This horse is not useful to me anymore! It takes money to feed an animal like this. Why should I keep him in my house?"

"I see," replied the king. "What work do you do?"

"I don't work, my Lord," replied the miser, "I have enough money to

through the bell gong, it lifted its head and reached for it.

live on."

The king looked at the crowd.

The GOLD Coin

Two men were once walking along a pathway in a forest. One of them noticed something glittering on the ground. It turned out to be a gold coin. The other traveller said, "It's a lucky day for us."

"Don't say 'us'," said the first one. "It's my lucky day."

Sometime later, the two men saw a bunch of masked men run towards them.

"Robbers!" they gasped.

The traveller who had found the gold coin whispered, "We're



A TINY STORY

in trouble! Those men will beat us up and take away our coin."

"Don't say 'us'," replied the other traveller. "You are in trouble. Not me."

N. Rajendran,
Madras 600 040.

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"ACROSS"



1.

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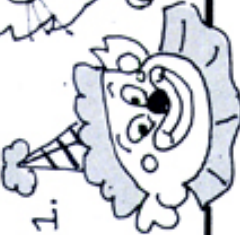


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DOWN

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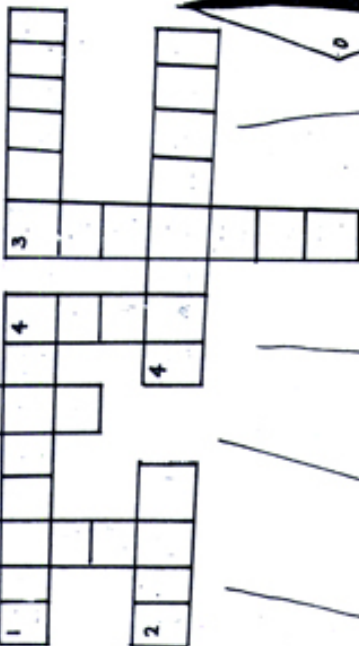
2.



3.



4.



CAN YOU NAME THE SEVEN
CREATURES FROM WHICH
THIS CURIOUS
JUMBLE BEAST
HAS BEEN CREATED?



TURN TO PAGE 94
FOR THE ANSWERS

©D.



I write as soon as an idea is fresh in my mind. I just have to write it down then.

How will it feel to have a story you wrote published as a book?

"Great," says Maya, smiling shyly, "It feels good."

Meet fourteen-year-old Maya Chandrasekaran. You might have read a few poems of hers in the previous issues of 'Gokulam'. As well as two stories, *Driver Dilemma* and *Star Struck**.

Well, Maya had her first book published by *Writers Workshop*, Calcutta, recently. It is called *Janaki's First Term* or *Strange Doings at Greyfield Manor*, and is something like Enid Blyton's *St. Clare's* and *Mallory Towers* series.

grabs the nearest possible paper and pen and jots it down.

Maya has had a background that has encouraged writing. Born in Bangalore, she shifted to Tanzania in East Africa at the age of 4½. There, she studied at the *International School*, where her mother taught.

MEET

MAYA

Maya is a IXth std. student of Sacred Hearts in Bangalore. And writing comes as easily to her as breathing!

"I write as soon as an idea is fresh in my mind," she says. "I just have to write it down then."

So if inspiration strikes her while travelling in the car, or while in the swimming pool, she

School life was good for Maya. She had no tests or homework — just a series of projects on different topics.

* June '93 and January '94 issues, respectively.

A YOUNG WRITER SPEAKS

"They encouraged creativity," says Maya's mother.

So, Maya wrote essays, stories and creative articles all the time.

Writing a story for Maya might be like breathing, but she puts in a lot of hard work too.

"I have a notebook in which I jot down my new ideas and characters," she says.

And pencil and paper are what she finds most attractive.

"For some reason," says Maya's father, laughing, "She seems to favour yellow paper!"

Paper diaries, pads — these are never safe from Maya's restless fingers.

"If we want to keep a diary or a pad, we have to hide it from

her," joins in Mrs. Chandrasekharan, "She just picks up every diary or pad she finds and begins to write on it."

"I write on impulse," says Maya, "I can't force myself to write. I can never write to a deadline."

Six months before the book was published, Maya wrote the actual story. When she read

the manuscript again, she thought it was just too westernized and re-wrote it. Thus was born *'Janaki's First Term'* in its final form.

The next two novels of the series have been written too. They centre around other heroines, not Janaki, but have been set in the same school - Greystone Manor.





TIPS TO GOOD WRITING

1. *To write, you have to read a lot. It improves your vocabulary. Maya loves reading. Anything from Nancy Drew, Hardy Boys, Louisa M. Alcott, the Chalet School series and old classics are reading material.*

2. *Write down your ideas as they come to you. Keep a notebook specially for this purpose.*

3. *Get into the mind of your characters. They can never be realistic if they are too good or too bad. They should be human.*

4. *Take a break if you get stuck at some point in your story. (That's what Maya does). When you go back to it fresh, you'll get better ideas.*

5. *Never force yourself to write.*

6. *Most important of all, you have to think in the language you want to write. Suppose you want to write in English, try your best to think in English too. Words and sentences will flow naturally.* ■

“We have yet to key it in,” says Mr. Chandrasekharan.

Key it in? you may ask. Well, the family has a Personal Computer, which, Mr. Chandrasekharan bought for his own use. But Maya and Madhav (her seven year old younger brother) were more interested in it than he was. They began to play computer games on it, write on it, etc.

“I can only use my two forefingers,” says Maya, who sometimes uses the computer to write.

Maya has sent her stories to publications other than ‘Gokulam’ too. She has sent them to *Deccan Herald*, and *The Times of India*. Recently ‘Sisters’, a short story of hers won a prize in a competition in ‘Target’, magazine for young people.

Maya’s had her share of rejection slips too.

“A paper which runs a children’s section returned her story once,” recounts her mother, “They politely wrote saying that the language and writing seemed to be too good for a child her age.”

Madhav, gets the urge to write too.

“He writes pretty mysterious and philosophical-

To write,
you have to
read a lot. It
improves
your
vocabulary.



sounding things," says Mr. Chandrasekharan.

"One story went something like this," says his wife, "He wrote — 'And the rich became richer!'"

That drew a laugh from all of us.

"Or sometimes," says Mr. Chandrasekharan, "He just keys in alphabets like z,z,z,z....."

Maya's friends at school liked her book a lot.

"They want to read the next book now," says Maya.

Friends and well-wishers who have read the book have enjoyed it.

'*Janaki's First Term*' is a very enjoyable school story. It is all about a bunch of normal, ordinary kids in a residential school called Greyfield Manor.

The girls have their usual fun and games, adventures like you and I might have.

"I try to make my characters as human as possible," says Maya.

It makes good reading as any Enid Blyton, perhaps even better. For all the action takes place right here — in the places we know.

"Why did you follow the Enid Blyton style?" we asked Maya.

"I did it consciously," she replies, "And I enjoyed writing it.

The book is fresh and interesting. You can't put it down, once you begin reading it. It's only drawback perhaps, is the style of the famous author that it reflects.

Great going, Maya. Keep it up!

**Our Staff Reporter
Photos by Gopinath**

Janaki's First Term by Maya Chandrasekaran
is available at

1. VIDYA VIHAR, 140, R. H. Road, Luz Corner, Madras - 4; 2. VIDYA SAGAR, 7, Gopalapuram, 1st Street, Madras - 86 and at 3. LANDMARK, Apex Plaza, 3, Nungambakkam High Road, Madras - 34; 4. PREMIER BOOK SHOP, Bangalore; 5. GANGARAM'S BOOK BUREAU, Bangalore.

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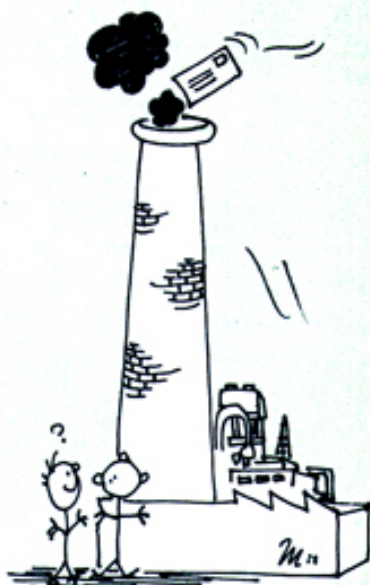
Q: What did one tonsil say to another?

A: You'd better get dressed. The doctor's taking us out today.



Q: Where do you get satisfaction from?

A: From a satisfactory!



Q: What do you call a letter that's dropped down a chimney?

A: Blackmail!

**Royston Affonso, aged 14,
Bombay 400 058.**



Teacher : Name one important thing we did not have 50 years ago.

Ravi: Me!

**C. Sandhya, aged 13,
Trichy 14.**



After an evolution class -

Father: Why did you hit Sunil, Ashok?

Ashok: 'Cause he called my father an ape!

**M.N. Vijay, aged 14,
Hiriyur.**

STORIES FROM OUR READERS

It was about eleven in the night. Seetha was watching an action film on T.V.

"Tak, Tak!" she heard a noise.

It was from her neighbour's house. Her heart missed a beat. Her neighbours had left for Delhi just that morning. She looked at their house. Through the window she saw some figures moving about in the dark. They were trying to break a cupboard!

Robbers! For a moment, she wondered what to do. She decided not to shout for help.

"Let me catch the fellows," she decided. "If I shout, they will surely run away."

Then an idea struck her.

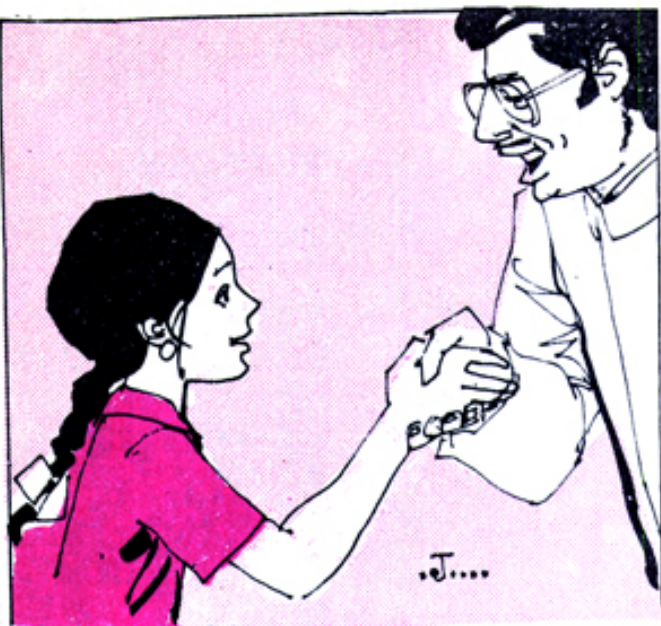
Her house was in the middle of high-rise buildings which were not yet ready for sale. Painting and plumbing jobs were still to be completed. So some workers stayed there during the nights too.



Murder For Revenge!

These workers often watched films on T.V. in her house. Her parents did not mind them dropping in for that once in a while. So Seetha knew them quite well.

Seetha increased the volume of the



clever girl' by the local people and the police. Suddenly, she became very 'famous'. Her neighbours were so grateful that they praised her to all and sundry.

Three months later, the robbers were released from jail. They were full of anger, and vowed revenge against the girl responsible for their

T.V. so that it could be heard in the nearby buildings. The workers heard it and came flocking to her house wondering what was wrong.

The robbers in the next house did not bother about it.

"Robbers have entered the next house," Seetha told the workmen. "That's why I called you here. Just wait near the door. When they come out, catch them!"

One of the workers went to call the police.

No sooner had the robbers opened the door, than they were surrounded by a crowd of hefty men!

Beaten up by the workers, the robbers were out of breath when the police jeep arrived. They were taken into custody. The court 'awarded' them three months imprisonment.

Thereafter, Seetha was talked of as 'the brave and

arrest.

"Let's kill her," they decided among themselves.

One night they quietly crept into Seetha's garden.

"Ting, Ting," they rang the door bell. Seetha, who was asleep heard the bell. Her parents had gone out. Only her younger brother and aged grandmother were with her.

"Mom and dad have returned," she thought.

Half asleep, she opened the door.

Seetha was pushed inside by the robbers. The next moment, she was wide awake. The robbers laughed evilly.

"It was you who sent us to jail! Now we shall send you to heaven, no to hell, probably!"

One of them drew a sharp knife from his ragged shirt. Another held Seetha tightly. There was no way of escape!

The man with the knife advanced towards her. Seetha struggled to free herself. It was of no use.

"Noooo....." Seetha gave a loud cry. The next moment, she was woken up by a punch from her sister.

"Shut up! I am fed up with you, shouting and kicking at nights! All because of the films you watch! Now keep quiet and go to sleep!

**A. Sangeetha,
Madras 600 102.**

POETRY

KINGS

The Sun is up in the sky,
It looks very bright.

And the moon, we know why,
Is not at all in sight!

Sun, is the king of day,
Moon is the king of night.

But they are not enemies,
So they will never fight.

**C. Subhasini, aged 11,
Coimbatore - 641 018.**



THEY CAN FORESEE

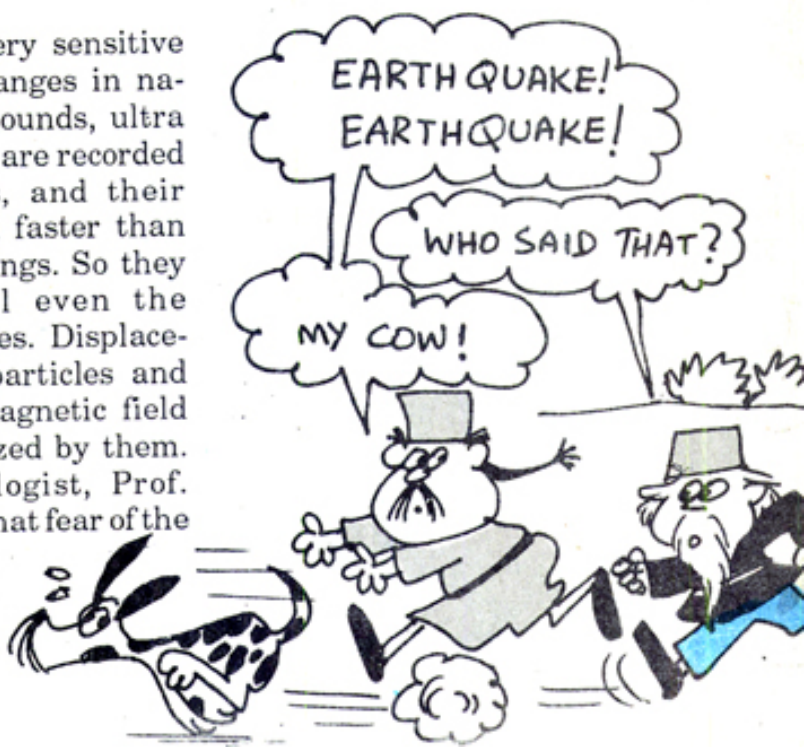
DISASTER!

An earthquake occurs when a block of rock moves under pressure, slips past another, or moves on a faulty plane, releasing destructive energy waves. While Geophysicists go through the microprobe analysis, you may be surprised to know that some animals can foretell the coming of an earthquake in no uncertain terms.

Animals are very sensitive to certain changes in nature. Vibrations, sounds, ultra sounds and smells are recorded in their systems, and their reflexes are much faster than that of human beings. So they are able to feel even the slightest of changes. Displacement of ground particles and changes in the magnetic field are easily recognized by them. Pune based geologist, Prof. Deshpande, says that fear of the unknown, and unexpected changes send warning

signals and make them very cautious.

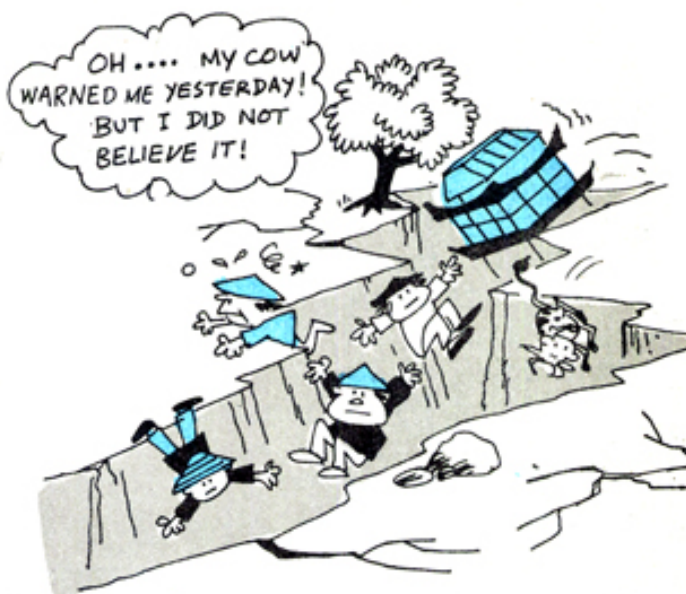
Domestic animals like cows, horses and pigs refuse to enter their normal cattleshed or pigsty prior to such quakes. They also refuse to be bound by tethers. They come out into the open. Dogs dig up mud, and could become very ferocious.



Rodents (like rats) come out of their holes. Pigs move round and round. Crabs come out of their sand houses, and move in groups. Tortoises come out of water. Even wild animals come out of their dens.

In May 1976 Italy experienced an earthquake. Cats and mice left their hideouts much before the tremors began.

In China too, before an earthquake, Pandas held up



their heads and screamed, while swans came out of water! The Hocking quake took place in 1975. A month before the quake, rats behaved in a strange way — they came out of their holes, and could be easily caught. Pigs were biting each other and acted in a confused manner!

Among the aquatic creatures, fishes are most sensitive to changes in electro magnetic fields.

Probably man could avert some disasters, if he pays attention to the extraordinary behaviour of animals!



**KRISHNAVENI
RANGANATHAN**

"Seema!" her mother's voice rang out from the house, "Come in! I don't know why you're in the outhouse still! Your exams are over! Come to sleep!"

"No, mummy!" Seema called back from the outhouse. "I am going to sleep here today!"

Her mother sighed and shut the door.

Seema was only in the tenth standard. But she knew more than what was taught in school. Most of the time, she was busy reading or experimenting in science and maths.

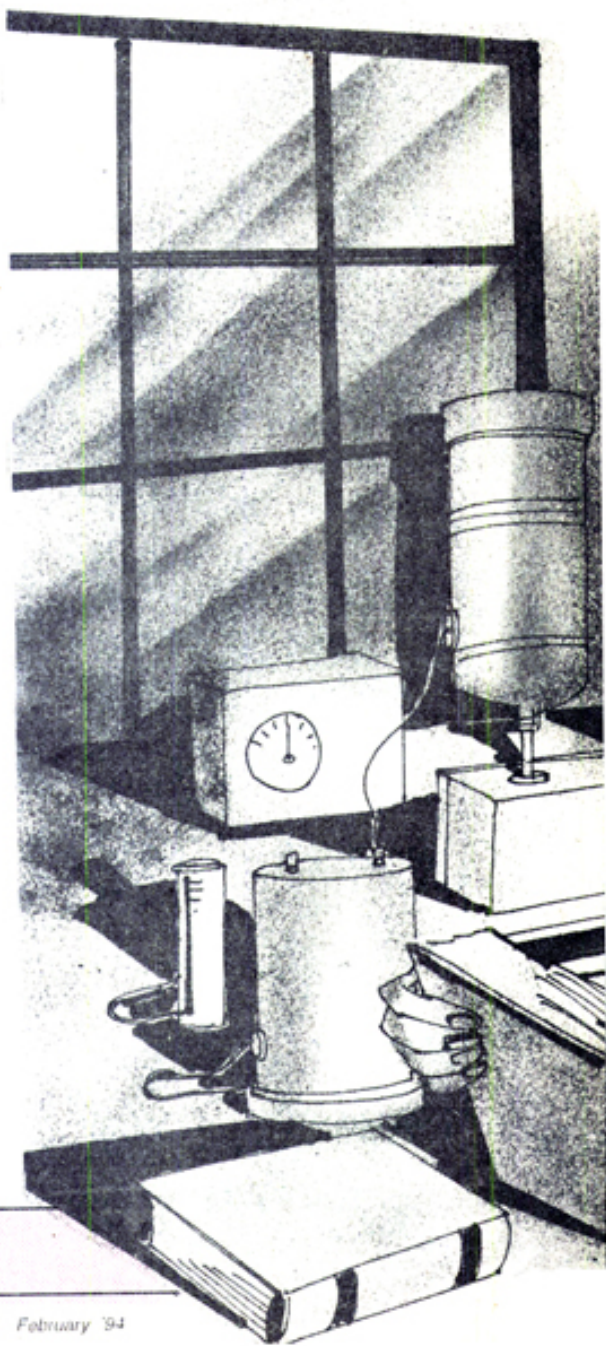
The outhouse was a small room with a bathroom. It was in a corner of the sprawling garden, and quite away from the house. Seema used this place as her study cum lab. She hated anybody to disturb her here. Even her parents never intruded.

Seema was now engrossed in trying to solve a complicated maths problem given to her by the class-brain Radha. Engrossed in her equations, she suddenly fell asleep!

All of a sudden, she awoke and lay staring at the ceiling.

"What woke me up?" she wondered. "Did I switch off the light?"

As she put out her hand to switch it on, two things happened at once. The entire outhouse began to shake, and her outstretched hand touched something cold and clammy. Her heart missed a beat.



"Am I dreaming?" she thought. She shut her eyes tightly in fear.

As she opened them, she saw a strange creature standing before her. It was staring at her. It moved slowly, and as it did so, its body glowed with a faint light. It had a brownish

conical face with dark big eye patches on either side. It had a spring-like elongated neck, two short hand-like appendages, and two long-leg like attachments.

Seema tried to scream, but could not find her voice. Sud-

'BYE FRIEND!

denly, in a flash, the creature disappeared! Seema jumped out of bed, switched on the light, and ran out in search of it. But all was calm and quiet. No sign of anything unusual.

Seema stood still for a moment, then laughed at herself for taking this thing so seriously.

"I must have dreamt it," she thought.

The next morning, Seema was more preoccupied than usual.

"What's the matter?" asked her mother. "Are you worried about something?"

"Can dreams come true, mummy?" asked Seema.



"Well...." replied her mother, "Some people think they do, but frankly, I don't!"

Seema bit her tongue. Should she tell her mother the 'dream'? How would her mother take it?

"No," she decided, "Mother might ban me from entering the outhouse again."

"Seema!" her mother said, "I need a lot of help from you tonight. Papa's friends are coming for dinner...."

Seema was really busy that evening. By the time the table was cleaned after the guests had gone, it was nearly midnight.

"Oh God!" Seema suddenly remembered. "I promised Radha I'd give her the solution to her problem tomorrow!"

She hurried to her outhouse study. Finishing the problem, she fell asleep.

She woke up feeling strange. Something was softly tickling her face. She woke up, and what did she see? The same creature that had visited her the previous night. Seema was dumbstruck. Her first instinct was to scream and run away. But she did not have the courage to get up at all. She

ended up staring blindly at the creature.

It seemed quite friendly, and began making gestures with its stunted 'arms'. Seema could not understand.

"Who are you? What do you want?" Seema croaked.

Suddenly, it vanished.

"Am I dreaming again?" Seema pinched herself. "I am sure it's not a dream."

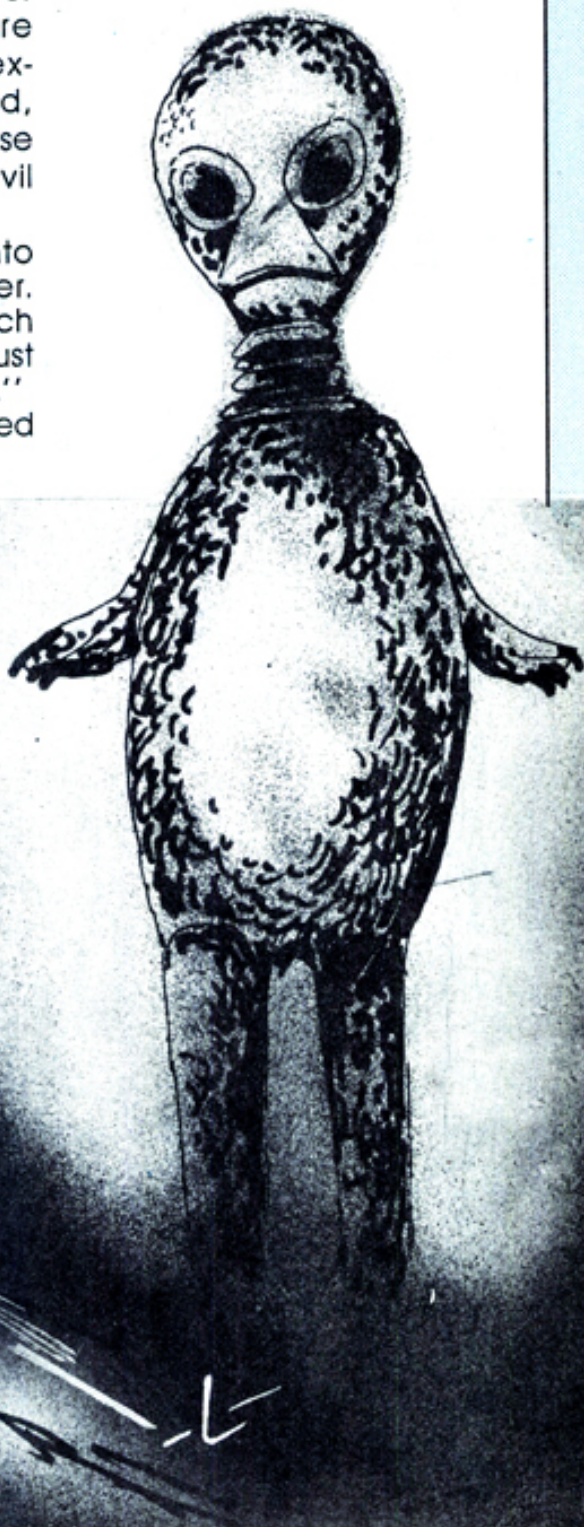
She could not fall asleep again.



The next morning, Seema blurted out the encounter to her parents. They were quite horrified. And as expected her mother said, "Never go to the outhouse again! It could be an evil spirit!"

"Now don't put ideas into her head!" said her father. "She's been reading too much science-fiction of late. It's just her overactive imagination."

But Seema was not allowed into the outhouse at all.



She became dull and obsessed with her encounters.

"Was it an E.T.?" she wondered often, "I wish I could meet it again."

One dark night, it was raining heavily. Seema could not sleep. She quietly slipped out of the house and ran towards her study. She opened the door slowly. There stood the strange creature as if waiting for her.

"Hello!" cried Seema, "Who are you?"

The creature looked at her, and began to edge towards the door.

"Stop! Don't go!" cried Seema putting out her hand, "Be my friend!"

But the creature vanished through the door. Seema ran out into the rain. An object flashed into the sky, zoomed across into the horizon and vanished. The next moment, it was dark again.

"Come back! Come back!" Seema found that she was whispering the words, standing in the rain.

"How long have I been here?" she wondered. She turned to the outhouse.

Inside, she was astonished to see something glowing on the table. She hurriedly put on the light. It was a beautiful conch full of shining diamonds!

"Oh! What a beautiful thing!" she exclaimed. Was it a parting gift from an alien? Seema fell asleep, clutching the object to her heart.

Morning. Not finding Seema in her room, her parents ran towards the outhouse. They found her fast asleep, completely wet. They woke her up and took her back into the house.

A little later, her father exclaimed, "Look! Here's a news report that says that a UFO has been spotted in our area!"

Seema smiled and showed the strange gift her parents. They looked at each other dumbstruck.

That night, Seema sat in her study looking at the precious gift.

"Will he ever come back again?" she wondered. "Bye friend!"

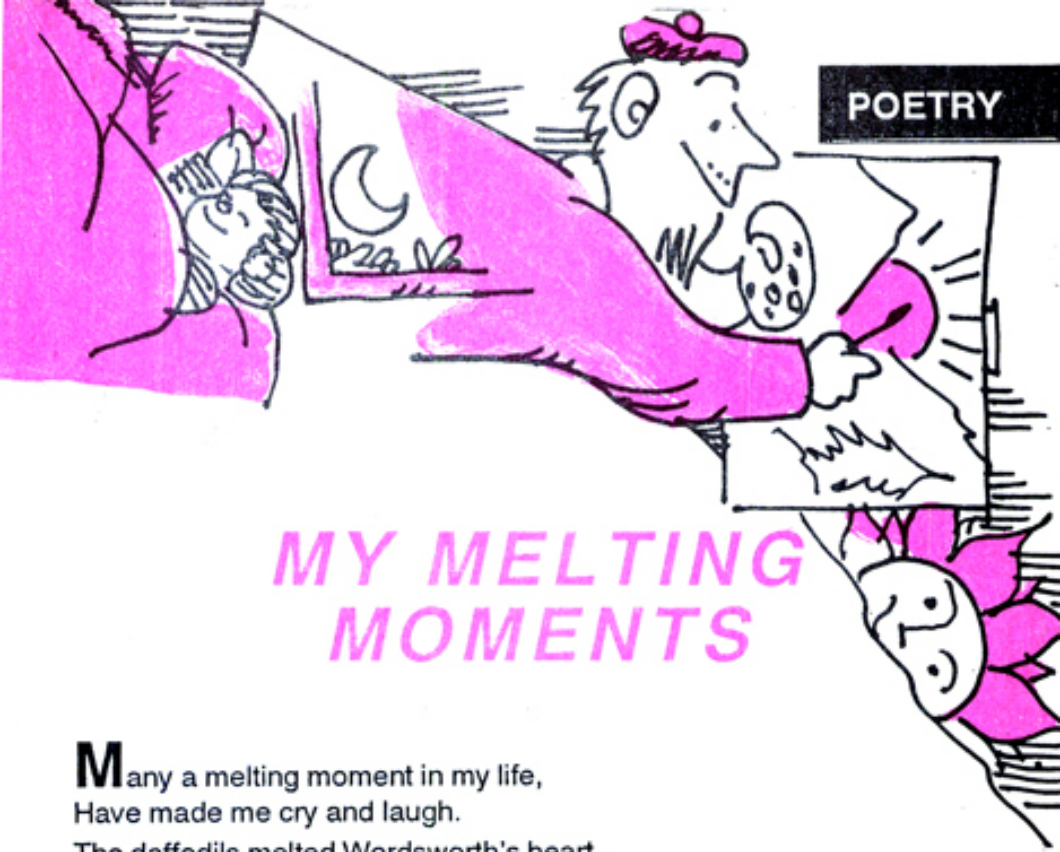
JYOTHI PRABHA



Q : When is it bad luck to have a cat follow you?

A : When you are a mouse.

**R. Anoop, aged 12,
Bangalore - 560 016.**



MY MELTING MOMENTS

Many a melting moment in my life,
Have made me cry and laugh.
The daffodils melted Wordsworth's heart.
The evening sunset melted mine.

As the evening sun set,
The whole sky became red,
It was a very nice scene for a painter,
And a nice scene for a poor hard worker.

If a poet had seen the scene,
He would have written a poem so fine,
As the darkness gained power,
The sun behind the mountains went lower.

It is God's creative powers,
That brings us happiness,
As the moon showered its light,
I retired for the night.

**Mahesh Yapamakula, aged 15,
Dindigul - 624 007.**

Togetherness....



....Friendship....



Photos : Parwathisam



...and a helping hand.

PHOTO FEATURE

ACTIVITY

sprinkled paint and ink haphazardly. He folded the paper in its fold and pressed it.

Samir opened it out. The ink and gum mixture had spread in all directions. It had formed designs in different colours and shapes.

Samir tried it out again. This time he applied pressure

Colourful FUN!

One Sunday morning, Samir was sitting on the terrace with his back to the sun.

All around him lay scattered art materials - paints and inks of different colours, a tube of gum, and some clean sheets of paper. But there were no pencils, sketch pens or brushes! What was he upto? Samir loved painting and drawing. But this time, he was trying something new - something which his friend Sushil had suggested to him the day before.

He folded a sheet of paper longitudinally into two equal parts. He then opened it out again. Samir spread a few drops of gum here and there. He then

on different parts of the paper to help the paints spread evenly.

"It's time to open it out," Samir whispered in excitement.

NO BRUSH,
NO COLOUR
BOX....



This time it was really fantastic. The ink had spread to almost every corner of the paper. It had formed so many beautiful shapes and designs in different colours.

Samir looked at his painting. The shapes were unfamiliar yet familiar.

Just then, Revathi, his younger sister skipped onto the terrace.

"What's this Samir?" she asked in surprise.

"This is my new art venture," he replied proudly, "Tell me, how many figures can you see in this picture?"

"Hey!" Revathi cried, after examining the picture for some time. I can see four lions, a rose, two dogs and two moons!"

She gazed at the picture for some more time.

"See," she said, "That looks like a face!"

"See there two butterflies," Samir pointed out, "And doesn't this look like a bone?"

"Isn't it fantastic?" Revathi exclaimed. "How did you do it?"



"I'll tell you," Samir replied, "But first let me show this to mum and dad."

Then Revathi and Samir made one more painting. Once it was completed, they looked carefully through it to spot all familiar shapes and objects. It was like an easy crossword. They enjoyed themselves very much.

"My friend Sushil taught me this," Samir told Revathi, "It is called the 'spread-ink process'."

The gum makes the ink and paint firm, and sometimes even gives it a new colour and shape."

"What fun!" Revathi had put a blob of red paint on the paper.

"Let's call it something else," she said, "I know! We'll call it 'Colour Fun!'"

Samir and Revathi had a fun-filled morning on the ter-

race. By the end of it, there were quite a few stains on their hands and faces. But did they mind?

"I am going to tell my friends about it," said Revathi skipping towards the phone. "Gosh! What fun!"

NILAMBAR RATH



POETRY

When I am sad,
When things turn bad,
When everything seems to be hard,
One person is there,
To put things right.
Whom do you think it is?
Yes! It is my great, loving dad!

He solves all my problems,
He listens to my woes,
His eyes always twinkle
And he makes everything simple.

When I am very unhappy,
He succeeds in a jiffy
To make me give a tearful smile,
Which lasts for a very long while!

A. Archana, aged 10.

Dear Archana,

You have not given your address. Please send it to us.

Ed.

A cycle bell rang. It was the postman. Sheela ran outside. Among the letters, was a parcel for her. She ran with it to her room and hurriedly opened the brown paper covering. It contained the latest issue of *Gokulam*. Sheela was overjoyed. Published in it, was a story written by her! She began to jump up and down in joy!

THUMP!

Sheela gave a shriek as she hit the floor, bedclothes all around her. It had been a dream! Sorry and sad, Sheela looked at the clock. 2.00 a.m. She climbed back into bed and covered her

She began to lose confidence. Though she wanted to give up story-writing, she decided to give herself one more chance. Thinking that she could succeed this time too, she posted the last story she had written.

A few days later, she sat by herself, wondering how fantastic it would be if her dream came true.

"Is it possible?" she asked herself.

The cycle bell rang just then. It was the postman as usual.

ONE MORE CHANCE

face with a blanket.



The next day was a dull day for Sheela. She had written many stories and had sent it only to one magazine — *Gokulam*. But all her stories had been rejected. She was really depressed. She felt her talent went unnoticed. She waited for every issue hoping that some story of hers would appear in it. But it did not happen.

"Why does the editor always reject my stories?" she asked herself. "Maybe I am unlucky."

The latest issue of *Gokulam* had come! She tore away the wrapping and leafed quickly through the pages. It was there! That last story she had written had been published!

Sheela gave a whoop of joy. It was the happiest moment in her life.

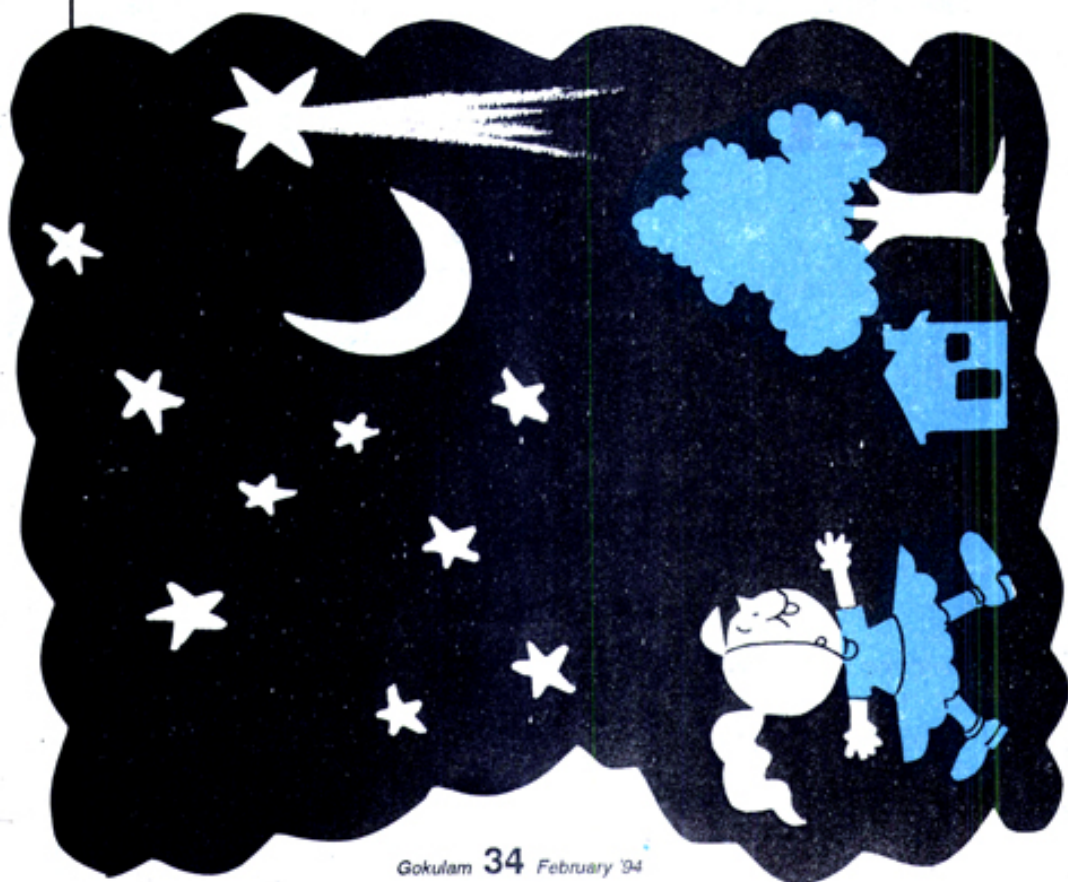
**S. Sornam,
Bangalore - 560 038.**

SKY IN THE NIGHT

*Darkening the world,
As the sunshine rolled,
The hours seem to tick past,
But the day does not last.*

*Spreading is the night,
With all its might,
Proud of its height.
It is a beautiful sight,
In glowing lantern light.*

**Anandhi Vijayaraghavan, aged 12,
Bombay - 400 022.**



You see, I am very fond of books. From my nursery years, I loved reading. Whether I read a book or not, whether I liked it or not, I hated parting with it! I never had the heart to give books away! I had a huge bundle of



FRUIT OF NEGLECT!

books, but I was not satisfied. I wanted to collect more and more of them. Thus it came to be, that I began to pile more and more on what began as a bundle.

One day, I was bathing, when I heard a sudden scream from my room. I hurriedly completed my bath, and ran in. There stood my mother, her hands full of dirt and cobwebs. Surprised, I looked around. My book pile lay collapsed around her. They were damaged by termites and silver-fish! Worse was to follow. Small cockroaches, big ones, spiders, ants and bugs were running all round my room, and even my bed!

I could not sleep that night. I had cleaned the room, but I was not completely successful. I got really bitten.

The next day, all my favourite books found their way to the dustbin. All kinds of Russian and other foreign books lay tattered and torn.

Since then, I have never bundled my books like that. I have arranged them neatly on shelves, and keep dusting and cleaning them from time to time. But my book collection is now reduced to a bare minimum.

**M. Dharmarajan, aged 10,
Svarna School, Calcutta.**

MY LOVE FOR BOOKS

A JOURNEY BY TRAIN



IT had been the last day of school. Sister and Brother Undir* were back home at their brown and white tree house. The banyan tree in which the Undir family had made their home was a large and shady tree, with many aerial roots hanging down. It was a very cozy house and the Undir family loved it.

"What are we going to do in the summer holidays, Mama?" asked Brother Undir.

"Yes, what?" asked Sister.

"Well," answered Mama, "I thought you little ones had some holiday homework to finish!"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Brother. "That's right! But it's not fair!"

"But Mama! We can't be doing homework all the time, can we?" Sister Undir protested. "Besides, Papa and you will be at work all day. Who will play with us?"

Mama laughed. She was only teasing. 'Actually, Papa and I thought you might like to go to Mooshakpur. Aaji and Aajoba** would love to have you visit for some time!"

* UNDIR is the word for MOUSE in Marathi, the language commonly spoken in Maharashtra.

** Grandmother and Grandfather

"If both of you finish your holiday homework in two weeks time, Mama and I could take some time off from office and come with you!" said Papa.

"Hurray!" exclaimed Brother Undir.

"Will both of you really take leave and come with us to Aaji's place?" Sister asked hopefully.

Sister and Brother were already excited about the whole idea.

"Does it mean we'll travel in a train and carry packed food?" asked Brother.

"I love train picnics!" exclaimed Sister.

"But I don't like train toilets!" protested Brother.

"We can play cards in the train!" Sister announced happily.

"Bags I the window seat!" said Brother.

"No!" protested Sister, "We have to take turns!"



"Hold it! Hold it!" said Mama. "We've written to Aaji but haven't got a reply from Mooshakpur yet."

"And, besides, neither of you have promised to finish your holiday homework in time!" said Papa Undir.

"I guess no work means no holiday!" said Sister. "I promise to finish mine in two weeks or less!" she added solemnly, holding up her right hand as if taking an oath.

"Me too!" agreed Brother, mimicking Sister Undir.

"That settles it!" said Papa. "I'll book tickets two weeks from now. Mama and I will stay at Mooshakpur for a week."

"Yes. And you two can stay on longer," said Mama.

"For about a month," agreed Papa.

"PROVIDED...." began Mama.

"We finish our homework!" completed Sister Undir.

"And PROVIDED...." began Papa.

"Aaji and Aajoba agree!" finished Brother.

"And further PROVIDED....." said Mama.

"We agree to be good!" concluded Sister.

Just then the postman knocked. It was a telegram!

"A telegram!" exclaimed Sister Undir, "Who is it from?"

"It's from Aaji!" said Mama.

"Hurry up Mama, read it!" urged Brother.

Mama read out loud:

*ARRIVING MONDAY MAY 10
BY NIBBLE EXPRESS.
PLEASE RECEIVE. AAJI.*

"Oh goodness!" exclaimed Sister.

"There go our holiday plans!" said Brother sounding disappointed.

"Tomorrow is the 10th! We need to go to the station to pick up grandma!" said Papa Undir.

The next day all the four members of the Undir-family went to receive



grandma at the station.

"Aaji!"

shouted Sister Undir, spotting Aaji first. Brother began to wave his hands above his head trying to get Aaji's attention. Aaji hugged Mama Undir and patted Papa on the back.

"This is indeed a pleasant surprise!" said Papa. "But what about Aajoba? How come you've come by yourself?"

"Give me some time and I'll explain!" said Aaji.



I've just come
to pick you kids up!

When they were back home at their cozy banyan tree house, Aaji said, "We got the letter about Sister and Brother spending summer with us. I've just come to pick you kids up! Otherwise Mama and Papa would have to try and get some leave twice — once to drop you both at Mooshakpur and again to pick you up."

"That was really thoughtful of you!" said Mama Undir.

"But we've promised to finish our homework first! How can we come right away?" asked Sister in a worried voice.

"Well, I plan to stay for a week. That should give you enough time" replied Aaji.

"I'm really going to work fast!" declared Sister.

"So am I" agreed Brother.

So Sister Undir and Brother Undir set to work. They worked after breakfast. And they worked after lunch every day. In the evenings they showed Aaji Undir around the tree house. It was a lovely banyan tree house agreed Aaji. She particularly liked the hanging aerial roots. Aaji even tried to swing on them! Weren't Sister and Brother impressed!

Soon all the holiday homework was done and it was time to be off to Mooshakpur with Aaji. Papa made a pile of cucumber sandwiches and six hard boiled eggs to

take along. He also packed some cheese which all of them loved. Mama Undir made delicious parathas and potato-bhaji. Aaji made some yummy rice pulao. Sister Undir filled up three large bottles of water to drink on the journey. Brother wanted to carry popcorn. Sister Undir wanted potato chips. And Aaji loved chocolates! So packets of popcorn and chips and some chocolates were packed as well. And they were off.

"Goodbye Mama!" waved Sister Undir.

"Bye!" said Brother in a small voice, suddenly uncertain about whether he wanted to be away from Mama and Papa for a whole month!

"Don't be such a baby!" teased Sister Undir.

"Come, sit by me", said Aaji to Brother.

Soon Brother forgot his worries and was walking up and down the train. This particular train had connected compartments and you could walk up and down the corridor. And they had two window

seats, so Sister and Brother did not have to argue after all!

"Let's eat!" announced Sister.

"Already? But we've only just started!" said grandma in surprise.

"Oh, Aaji! Trains make you hungry I think. I want a sandwich."

So Aaji brought out the sandwiches. Along with the sandwiches they also started to play cards.

"Let me teach you how to play BLUFF MASTER!" said Aaji.

"I know! It's a game where you are actually allowed to fib isn't it?" asked Sister.

"I don't think I want to pick up another bad habit!" said Brother Undir, remembering how Sister and he had recently given up nail biting and thumb sucking.*

"But it's only a game! explained Sister. "Besides, if you always tell the truth and play the same cards you announce, you are sure to lose the game!"

"Come on," said Aaji, "Let me show you. The idea is to try and finish your cards as early as possible. If you have cards left with you, you lose. And you must keep the other players guessing whether what you announce is also what you really play. Of course, you must always remember to keep a straight face!"

Brother kept asking Aaji for help in the first round. But he soon picked up the game. They were nearly at the end of their third game. Aaji had won the first two.

"Three aces!" Brother announced, as he played something else altogether, holding three aces in his hand.



"One ace!" said Aaji. Sister Undir passed.

"Three more aces! I'm done!" said Brother in excitement, this time really playing the aces. "No one challenged me when I bluffed last time!" he exclaimed. "I won!"

"Oh no! I have a whole bunch of cards left with me!" wailed Sister.

"I do too!" said Aaji Undir. "We must admit that Brother played very cleverly and deserved to win!"

"But Aaji! You won two games and Brother won one. I didn't win any at all!" complained Sister.

"Better luck next time!" said Aaji. "How about another sandwich?"

"Sure!" said Sister Undir. But when they opened the packet they realized that they'd eaten them all!

"How fast food disappears on trains! I guess I'll have some popcorn instead!" said Sister, opening a packet.

"Chips for me!" said Brother.

"I guess I'll have a chocolate!" said Aaji.

* See "Breaking Bad Habits", October '93 issue.

"Aaji! have you noticed that Brother is travelling backwards, whereas I'm travelling forward?" observed Sister Undir.

"That's because he has his back to the engine whereas you are facing it!" explained Aaji.

"My window seat is better!" said Sister.

On hearing this, Brother was suddenly upset!

"Aaji!! I want to exchange seat! Tell Sister to give me her seat for sometime!" he cried.

"No! I won't!"

answered back Sister.

"Hey, you were okay until now!" Aaji tried to soothe him. "But, Sister says her window seat is better! I too want to travel forwards for sometime!" Brother had begun to cry.

"I think travelling backwards is much more fun!" said Aaji Undir. "Forwards is very ordinary. We walk forward. We run forward. We drive forward. We even fly forward on airplanes. It is only on trains that we have the choice of travelling backwards or forwards! And backwards is rather special because it's rare!" explained Aaji, trying to cheer Brother up.

"So let's exchange, then!" said Sister suddenly convinced that backwards was better after all!

"No I won't!" It was Brother Undir's turn to refuse now.

"Not fair!" protested Sister who had begun to want Brother's seat rather badly.

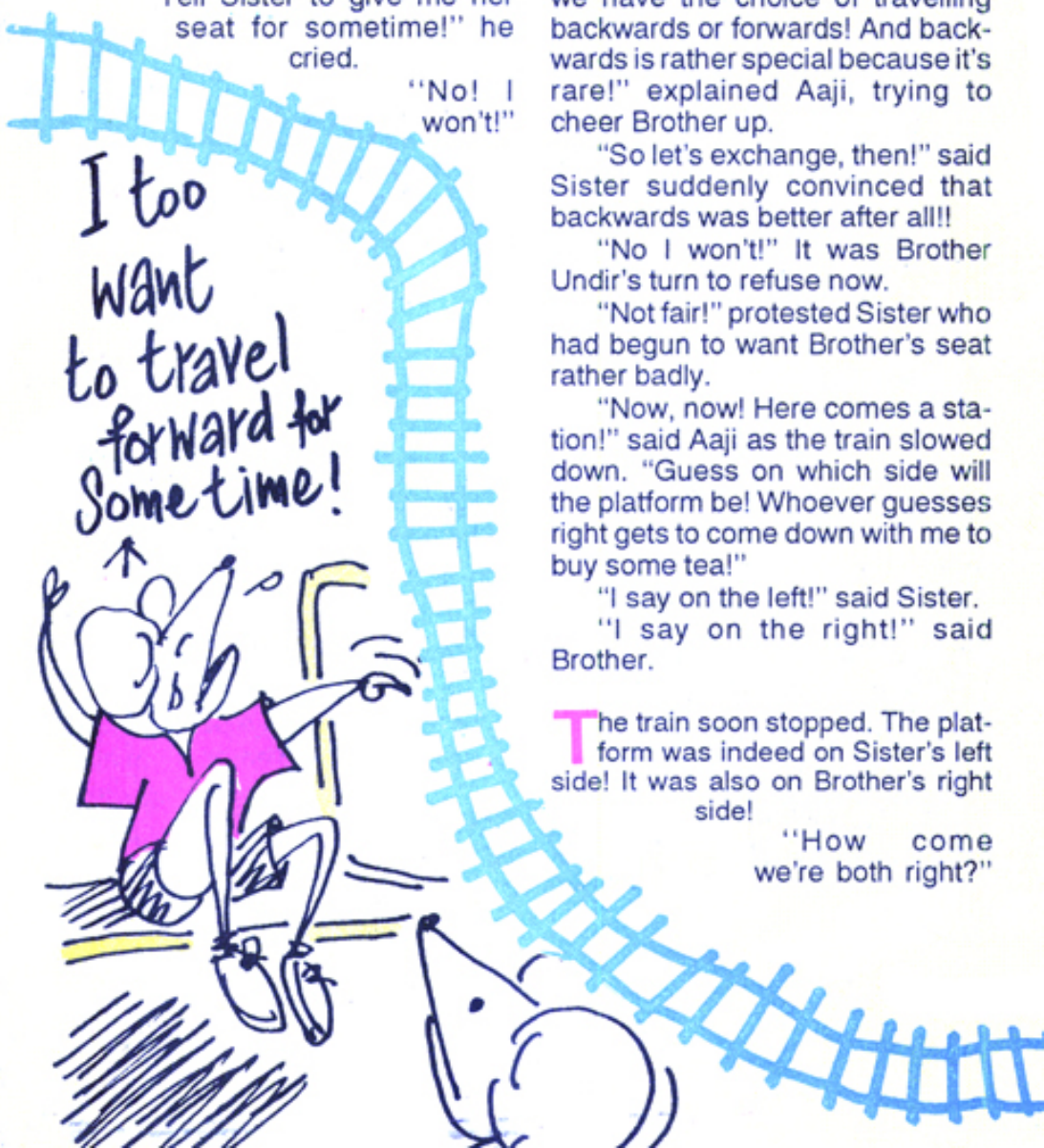
"Now, now! Here comes a station!" said Aaji as the train slowed down. "Guess on which side will the platform be! Whoever guesses right gets to come down with me to buy some tea!"

"I say on the left!" said Sister.

"I say on the right!" said Brother.

The train soon stopped. The platform was indeed on Sister's left side! It was also on Brother's right side!

"How come we're both right?"



asked Brother puzzled.

"That's because you are facing each other!" explained Aaji. "I guess you both get to come down with me!"

Sister jumped down onto the platform. Brother, who was smaller, hesitated. So Aaji helped him down.

"May we also have some tea, Aaji?" asked Sister.

"We're not allowed to at home, you know," explained Brother.

"I guess rules can be relaxed when you're travelling" said Aaji.

Just as Aaji finished paying, they heard the whistle, and saw the red light change to orange, and then to green.

"Hurry up, get in! The train is starting!" said Aaji.

"Yikes! I don't want to be left behind!" shouted Brother, hurriedly climbing into the train.

"Neither do I!" said Sister, as she hopped in.

Aaji climbed in after Sister and Brother just as the train began to move. Poor Brother was terrified that she might fall off the train! Finally, they were all in. Aaji opened the thermos flask which she had filled up with hot tea. Sister handed out three cups. Aaji poured. The three of them were quiet for a while, sipping sweet and milky tea.

"A bit too sweet and milky for me!" said Aaji.

"I think it's great! I didn't know tea tasted so good!" said Brother.

"I like it too! Much better than milk!" said Sister.

Soon it was time for dinner. Parathas and potato bhaji were



eaten up. They ate on paper plates. After he was done, Brother was about to throw his paper plate out of the window.

"Oh no, you don't!" said Aaji. "We should not spread garbage around!"

"Let's make Brother in charge of the litter," suggested Sister.

"Here's a plastic bag. Come on everyone! Put your used plates and leftovers in it!" announced Brother, getting into the act at once.

So that's what they all did. Aaji then helped Brother tie up the mouth of the plastic bag.

It was getting late. Sister helped Aaji spread out sheets and

pillows. They had one upper berth and two lower berths.

"Who gets the upper berth?" asked Sister. Both Brother and Sister Undir wanted it. So Aaji decided to toss a coin.

"Heads!" said Brother.

"Tails!" said Sister.

Aaji tossed a coin and tails it was! So Sister climbed up. Brother and Aaji got to sleep on the lower berths.

Jhuk-puk-jhuk-puk, jhuk-puk-jhuk-puk, the sound of the train and its gentle, rocking, swaying motion soon put Brother and Sister to sleep.

The next morning, Sister realized that Aaji was shaking her awake. Brother Undir was already up.

"Come on, sweetheart! Get up!" said Aaji.

"Hurry up!" said Brother. "In half an hour, Mooshakpur will be here!"

Sister sat up.

"What do you mean Mooshakpur will be here? You mean we'll be there. Mooshakpur will still be where it is!" she climbed down, now fully awake.

"Aaji! My tooth brush!" exclaimed Sister.

"Mine too!" said Brother.

Aaji fished out their brushes, their toothpaste and some soap. "Need any help?" she asked.

"I can wash myself!" said Sister.

"So can I!" said Brother.

"Me first!" said Sister.

"Okay!" agreed Brother for a change, forgetting to argue and compete.



But to their dismay, there was a long line of people near the bathroom!

"I can't wait that long!" protested Brother.

"Let's try at the other end of the compartment!" suggested Sister. "We don't want to miss the station, do we?"

"Oh no! I hope not!" Brother was really worried. "Besides, I've just got to go! Its urgent! Really and truly!" He was in tears by now.

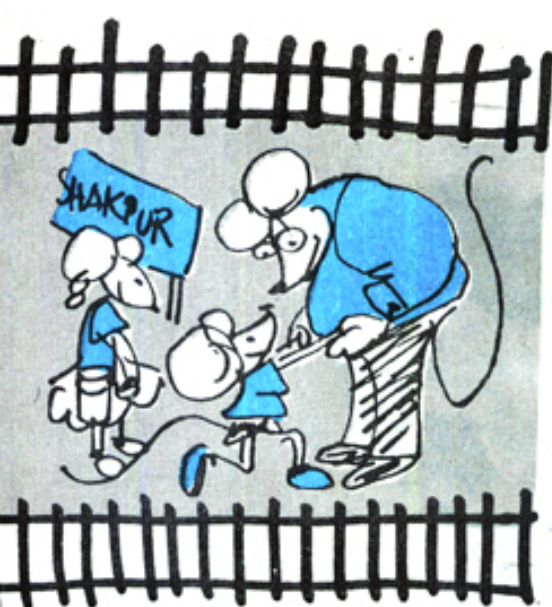
Luckily they did not have to wait at the other bathroom.

"You can be first," suggested Sister generously. But poor Brother rushed out as soon he was half in.

"Its too noisy and shaky in there!" he said, "Come in with me, please!"

So Sister helped him after all. Just as they were done and back at their compartment, the train slowed down.

"We're nearly there!" said Brother all excited.



"Hurry up Mooshakpur!" exclaimed Sister Undir.

Finally they saw the station's name on the large, yellow sign board :

MOOSHAKPUR!

They had arrived! Aajoba was waiting for them on the platform. Sister spotted him first.

"We had the most exciting journey Aajoba!" announced Sister Undir jumping off the train.

"We played cards! I was able to beat Aaji! And I bet I'll be able to beat even you at BLUFF MASTER!" boasted Brother.

"We'll see about that, little fellow!" replied Aajoba. They all helped Aaji unload their luggage.

"Coolie!" called Aajoba. The porter carried their heavy bags. Brother wanted to help with the water bottles. Sister offered to carry the now empty food basket. Sister, Brother, Aaji, Aajoba, luggage and all, piled into a taxi and drove home.

What an exciting train journey it had been! They had an even more exciting summer ahead at Mooshakpur! But that is another story.

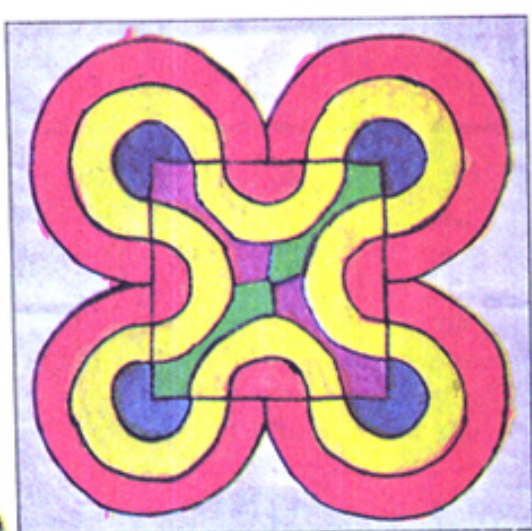
ANURADHA KHATI



Humour is necessary for life,
Like humus is necessary for plants,
Like children are necessary for parents,
Like buds are necessary for flowers,
Like chocolates are necessary for children,
And like poems are necessary for 'Gokulam'!

**R. Vijay, aged 13,
Pune - 411 015.**

Rashmi Prakash,
Bombay - 400 063.



R. Arvind, aged 10,
Bangalore - 560 004.

S. Ramprasad, aged 13,
Kalpakkam - 603 102.



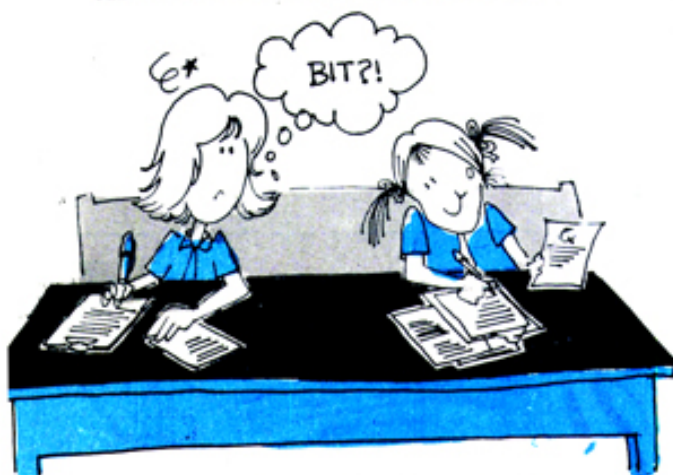
V. Vikas, aged 8,
Bombay - 86.



This happened when I was in the seventh standard. It was the last exam of the quarterly. It was English II paper. My seat was in the last bench. A sixth standard student was sitting next to me. She had chemistry that day.

"It is a really tough paper," she was telling me.

Just then, the supervisor entered. We fell silent, and got



up to deposit our books outside. Then we returned to our seats. The girl beside me whispered, "I haven't studied an important lesson. It is sure to come. But I am not scared, for I have a 'BIT' with me."

I was shocked. But I did not have the guts to tell on her. We sat silent as the supervisor distributed the answer sheets. Then he distributed the question papers too. We began to write.

"It has come," whispered the girl smiling.

When she came to that question, she removed the 'bit', kept it under her answer sheet and continued to write.

She did it very cleverly. She had placed the question paper on top of it in such a way that it sort of hid the 'bit'. Whenever the supervisor came, she would pull the question paper over the bit and pretended to be thinking.

'BIT' PAPER

Soon, most of the VI standard students completed their papers and went away. I recalled myself to my paper and completed it.

The next day, the girl came into my class and offered me chocolates.

"Thank you for not telling on me," she said.

I felt really bad. I refused the chocolate.

"I didn't like what you did," I told her. "It was wrong. Don't do it again."

B. Mahima Shivanuja,
aged 12,
S.K.M.H.S.S., Madras.

J I N G L E

On the next two pages is a jigsaw puzzle.

"WHAT?" you may exclaim. "It doesn't look like that!"

Just read on.....

How to make it :

Carefully prise open the pins that hold the pages, pull out the centre-spread, and press the pins back into place.

Paste the centre pages on a sheet of modelling cardboard.

Using a pair of scissors, carefully cut along all the fine black lines that run all over the picture. Now you get the separate pieces of a jigsaw puzzle!

Try arranging them back again!

Does the picture remind you of a popular nursery rhyme? Guess which one it is! If you can't, turn to page 80.

M

E

S

S!





Is the potato your favourite vegetable? Then, you'll love these two recipes sent by readers.

CRISPY POTATO

You need :

1/2 kg potato
1/4 kg onions
2 small tomatoes
250 gms *maida*
Green chillies to taste
Salt to taste
Red chilli powder
Oil to fry
Corriander leaves

How to make it :

Keeep two big sized potatoes aside. Boil the rest of them in the pressure cooker.

Chop the onions, tomatoes and green chillies into fine bits. Keep aside in three separate dishes.



Drop two tsps. of oil in a pan, and fry the onions and chillies until golden brown. Peel and mash potatoes. Mix in the roasted onions and chillies, the tomato, and some corriander leaves with a little salt to taste.

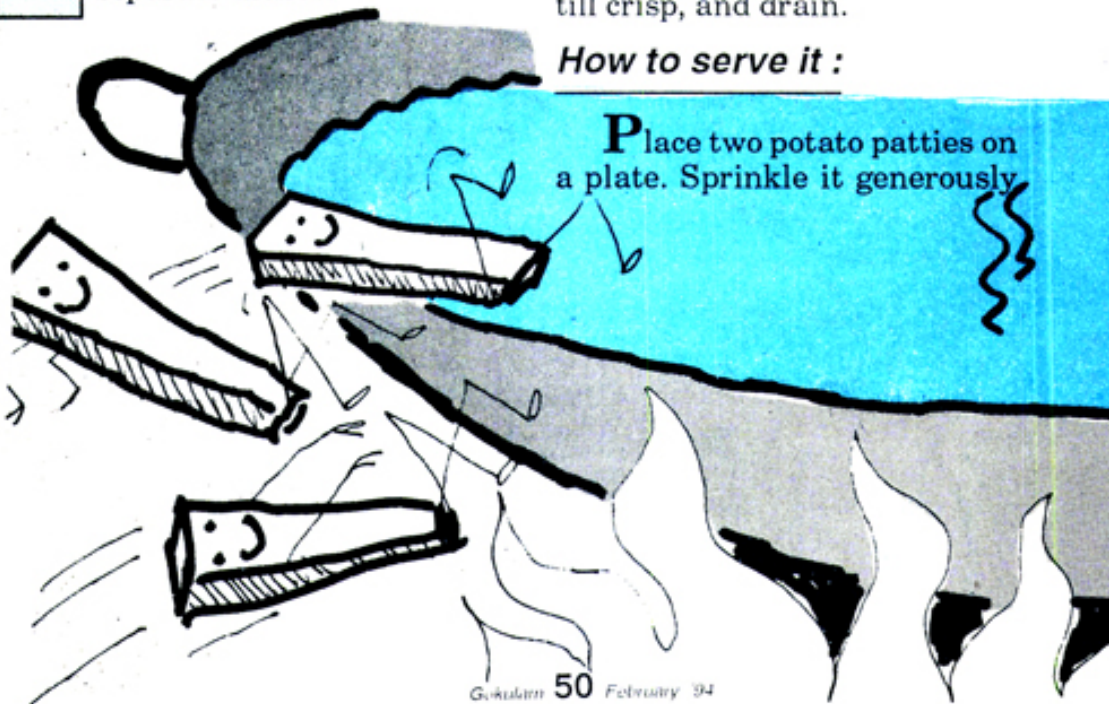
Mix the *maida* and red chilli powder with a little salt to taste to make a watery dough.

Take a small roll of the potato mixture. Pat it into a flat circular shape. Dip it into the *maida* batter and fry it like a dosa, with a little oil. Fry till golden brown on both sides.

Remember the two potatoes you'd kept aside in the beginning? Peel them, and chop them into fine little fingers. Deep fry till crisp, and drain.

How to serve it :

Place two potato patties on a plate. Sprinkle it generously



SNACKS

with the finger chips. Garnish with a few leaves of coriander.

Sauce or chutney will go very well with it.

Srividhya Yagnaraman,
aged 14,
Bangalore - 560 085.

QUICK CUTLETS

You need :

- 1/4 kg potato
- 5 green chillies
- 2 onions
- 5 slices of bread
- Dried Bread Powder
(available readymade
in shops)
- A bowl of drinking water
- Dalda or oil to fry in
- Corriander leaves
- Salt to taste

How to make it :

Boil the potatoes in a pressure cooker. Peel and mash properly. Dip the slices of bread into the bowl of water. Remove immediately, after squeezing out the water. Mix it with the mashed potatoes.

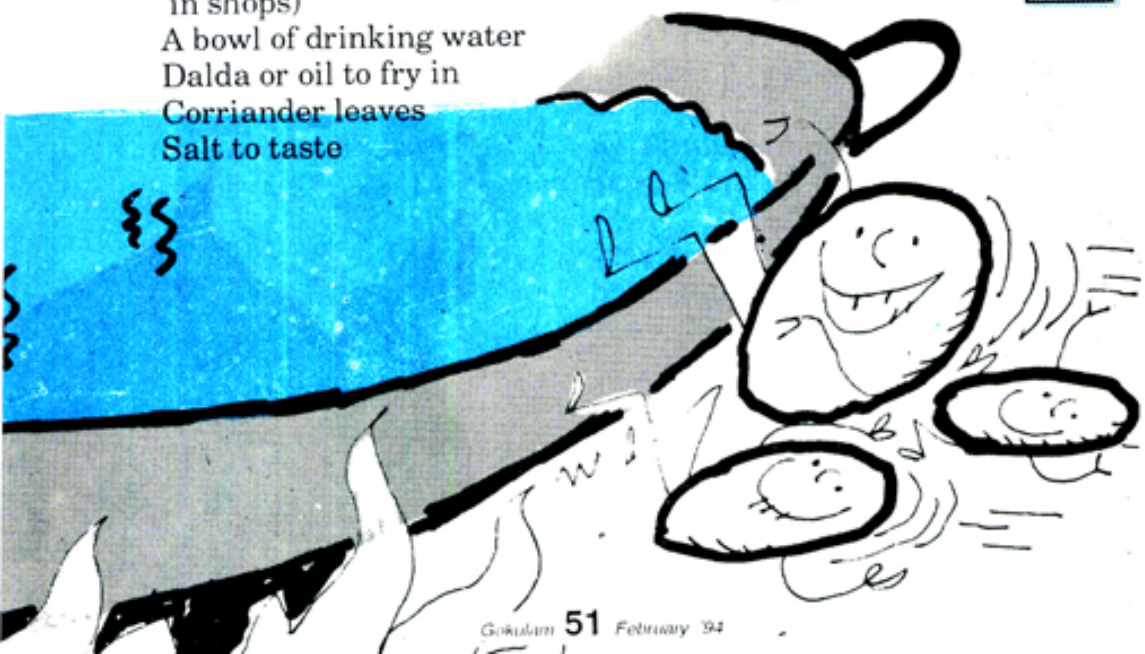
Chop the onions, chillies, coriander leaves into fine pieces. Mix well with the potato mash, with salt to taste.

Make small rounds of this mixture and pat it into cutlets. Roll this in the dried bread powder. Roast the cutlets on a *tawa* with oil or dalda.

Serve hot with sauce or chutney.

V.Mangala, aged 10,
Hubli - 560 031.

RECIPES



Gopal was just ten years old. And you could say that he was a happy child by any standards. His parents got him whatever he wanted. He had such a lot of toys and story books and watched a lot of movies too. So you could call him a spoilt little boy too.

Gopal was watching a children's movie in a theatre with his mother. It was a film which had a small boy as its hero. The boy had to undergo all sorts of suffering and had decided to run away.

venturous like the boy in the film.

"I could run away," he thought.

But Gopal had no reason to run away at all. He had a happy home, loving parents and all the things his heart could desire.

Yet he decided, "I'll run away tonight. I'll tie all my clothes in a little bundle and go."

He opened his cupboard. His clothes would definitely not make a little bundle! He would need a suitcase for them! But Gopal was not to be daunted. He chose his oldest and most worn

THE Runaway

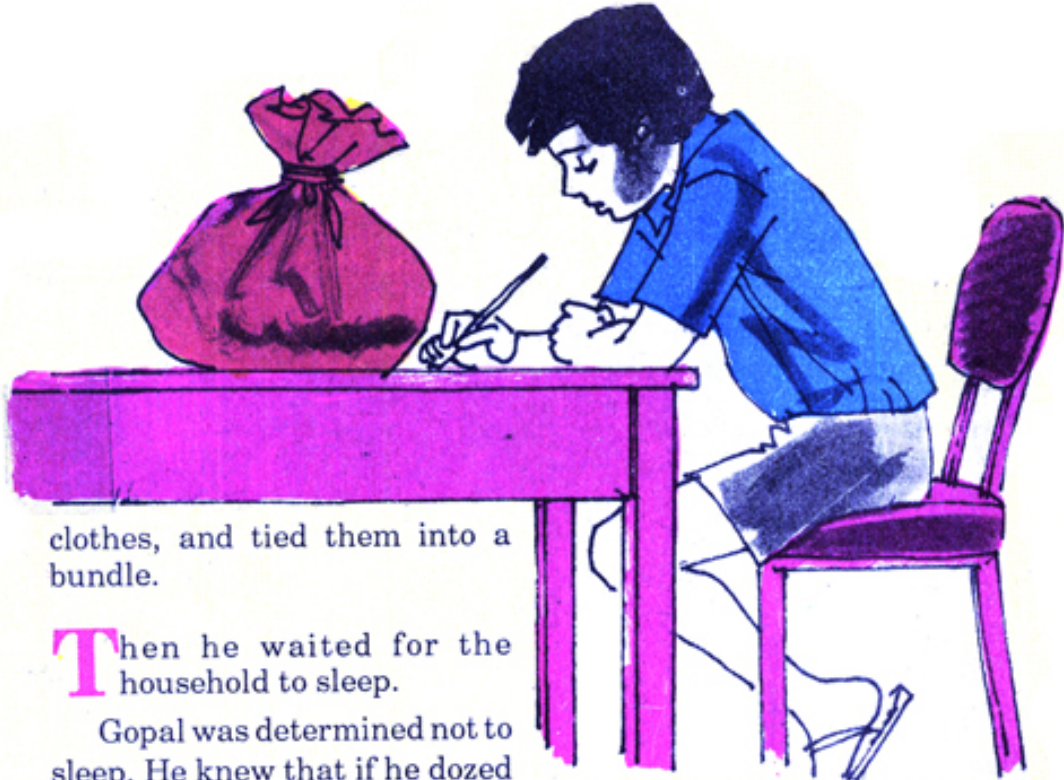
It was a dark night. The boy sat alone, all his belongings before him. Sighing, he spread out a cloth and piled them onto it. Then tying a small bundle, he stood up.

He left home, his bundle on his shoulder. A little tear trickled down his cheek.

Gopal found this scene very moving. In fact, the story had appealed to him so much, that he kept thinking about it long afterwards.

That night, Gopal was quiet and thoughtful. He too wanted to do something ad-





clothes, and tied them into a bundle.

Then he waited for the household to sleep.

Gopal was determined not to sleep. He knew that if he dozed off now, he would wake up only in the morning, that too, after his mother had called him a few times.

"Still awake, Gopal?" It was his mother who peeped in through the door. She came in smiling. "Liked the movie? Your maths homework is still undone. No matter. You can do it in the morning. I'll wake you up a little earlier."

Then tucking him in and kissing him goodnight, she went out, switching off the lights.

It was a dark night. Gopal was waiting for the right moment. He would slip into his parent's bedroom, place the letter on their bedside table, say goodbye to his pets (a cat and a dog), and leave.

Very quietly, he tip-toed into his parents' bedroom and placed the fateful letter. It said, "I am leaving the house

and going on a long, long journey. Don't try to find me. Gopal."

The clock struck one. His parents slept on, for they were very tired. He quietly slipped out of the room.

He came down to the hall, the bundle on his shoulder. Gopal found that he was really very sleepy. His eyes were closing.

"I'll doze for just five minutes," he thought. He lay down on the little sofa below the staircase, and was asleep in moments....

It was a bright morning.

"Gopal! Gopal!" his mother shouted. "Wake up. You have maths homework to do."

There was no response. She went into his room to wake him up and found it empty. Puzzled, she came out. She bumped into her husband, who was reading a little note, a frown on his face.

"Gopal has run away!" he said.

News spread fast. Neighbours and relatives poured into the house. None of them could believe that Gopal would do such a thing.

Many of the visitors walked up and down the hall. But none noticed the little figure curled on the sofa under the staircase, a bundle at his feet.

At last, Gopal's father decided to phone the police.

"Hello," he spoke into the phone, "My son Gopal..." Just

then, his eyes fell on his sleeping son. He could not believe his eyes.

Then he saw the bundle of old clothes, and he began to laugh.

Hearing his laughter, everybody came running into the room. They saw Gopal being shaken awake by his father.

"If you want to sleep," said his father, "I think you have a bedroom."

Gopal sat on his bed, his face red. He felt really ashamed of himself.

From the hall, came shouts of laughter. His 'adventure' was being told and retold. The little 'runaway' could hardly bear to hear it. How was he to face the world?

**M. Charulatha, aged 11,
A. S. C. Public School,
Bangalore.**

ESSAY

A day without the SUN!

From our first standard in school, we have learnt about the sun. It gives us heat and light. What will happen if the sun does not rise one day?

The world will be dark and cold. We

can't dry clothes if we wash them. Plants cannot prepare their food without sunlight. They will droop and wither. The water cycle of evaporation and rain will stop, and floods will wash the earth.

So I request all those who know miracles not to stop the sun from rising.

**P. Savitha,
Kendriya Vidyalaya,
Kalpakkam - 603 102.**



EXPERIENCE

I study in the ninth standard. As September, the month for examinations came round, I began to actively prepare for them. Our exams began on the 22nd. The exams were in this order — Sanskrit, English, Social Studies, Maths, Kannada and Science. We had two holidays for Maths and one for Science.

After the Maths exams were over, I was busy preparing for Science. Let me tell you how it happened. I had memorized the time-table by heart, and was under the impression that the Science exam was after the Maths one. So I stayed at home the day before (the day of the Kannada exam), and studied for Science.

That evening, my brother said, "Hey! I saw some of your class-mates in uniform today! It looked like they had an exam."

"It can't be," I said.

"Check your time-table," he replied.



ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR

And to my horror, I found that he was right. I had missed the Kannada exam!

On the day of the Science exam, everyone, including my teachers asked why I didn't come for the Kannada exam. When I explained to them, I was really scolded for being so careless. Now, I have not only missed an exam, but a rank as well.

**B. N. Asha, aged 14,
Bangalore - 560 079.**

You cannot measure the value of education. It is what makes man worthy of being called a man.

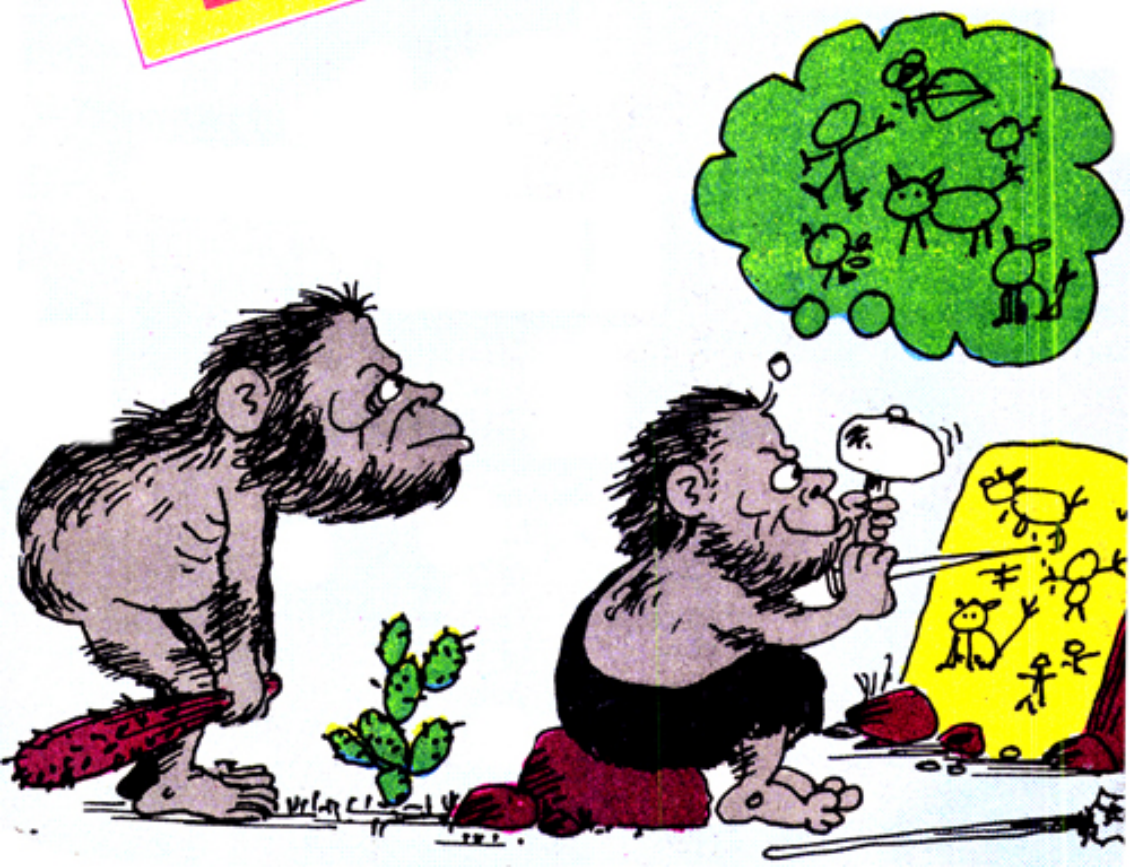
Education is the art of reading, writing and speaking. It develops and sharpens the power of thinking. It helps us decide our future, and what we want to do with our lives.

It is only when men get better educated, that science and

technology advance. How much information we have today — we know so much about ourselves and the world we live in! We know more about our bodies and about the various diseases that could attack us. We also know of many cures and preventive measures for these diseases.

Education also helps us to earn our own living. We can get trained in technical and professional skills. Then we can take up suitable jobs which are socially useful. Education helps us realize the importance

THE VALUE OF EDUCATION



of social and personal behaviour.

Education has helped man attain great heights. It helps us think, decide and progress further. Now we can do so many things so quickly. Man thinks and learns to make things from his past experiences. Different kinds of education prepares man for different types of work in life.

It is only education that separates man from animal. Otherwise, both eat, drink, sleep and work to remain alive.

With research, man has learned to increase

production in fields, factories, mills... He can now even control the ill-effects of nature, and take advantage of it too!

Education has improved man's life and made it easy and comfortable.

The more information you have, the better equipped you are to face life. So, never underestimate education and its advantages. When the next exams come along, don't pull a long face. Smile, look at it in the face and remember — it is all for education!

**Shama S. Moosa, aged 12,
Mary Immaculate H. S.,
Bombay.**



PLEASANT INGRATITUDE

I love birds, especially sparrows. I love their tiny forms and sweet voices. But at times, their chirping could be annoying too.

One fine Sunday morning, my brother and sister were snoring away in their beds. I heard a chirp and a shrill cry. I was puzzled. I began to search for the source of the sound. Then, I bumped into my smiling father. He led me to a covered basket. I peered into it. To my GREAT surprise, a little dull brown bird was crouching in a corner. It was a sparrow! I shut the doors and windows, and let the bird free. I did not like to see it so sad and frightened.

Suddenly, I saw something fluttering outside the window. I opened it, and saw a bigger bird.

"It must be the mother," I guessed. I was surprised too.

"How did it trace its baby so fast?" I asked my father.

My father laughed at this question. He opened the bathroom door and pointed. Above the geyser, was a nest, with straw, sticking out all over.

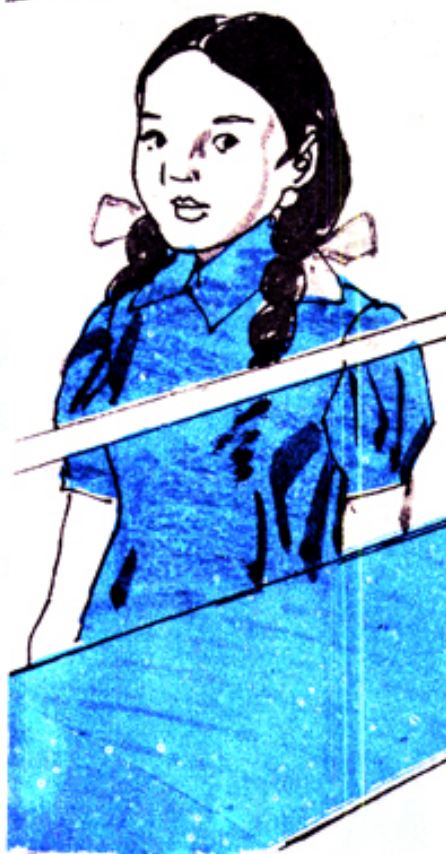
"We cannot keep this baby bird," said my father. But try as we might, we could not put the baby bird into the nest. The geyser was simply too high up. So we decided to bring up the bird ourselves.

I arranged some straw inside a small box and put the baby sparrow into it. It made a cosy bed.

The funniest thing about sparrows is that, though they are so tiny, they

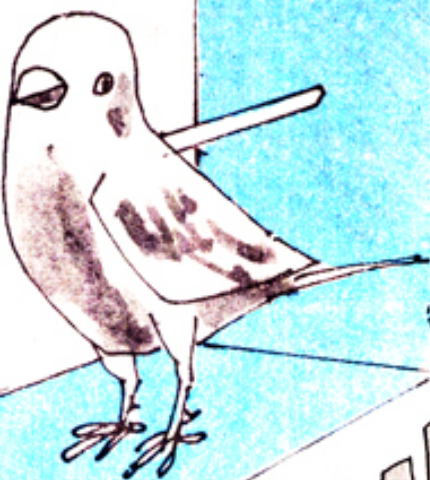
have really sharp claws. If we tried to make let it go, the baby would grip our skin with its claws. Unlike crows and other birds which build nests on trees, sparrows choose cosy places within our houses.

It was simply wonderful to watch the mother feed its baby. When the mother failed to arrive at feeding



mother on the sill. It was the beginning of flight for the baby. Soon, mother and baby flew away into the sky.

Since then, generations of sparrows have fallen down from the top of



BRINGING UP BABY!

time, we would feed the sparrow bread crumbs. Many days passed.

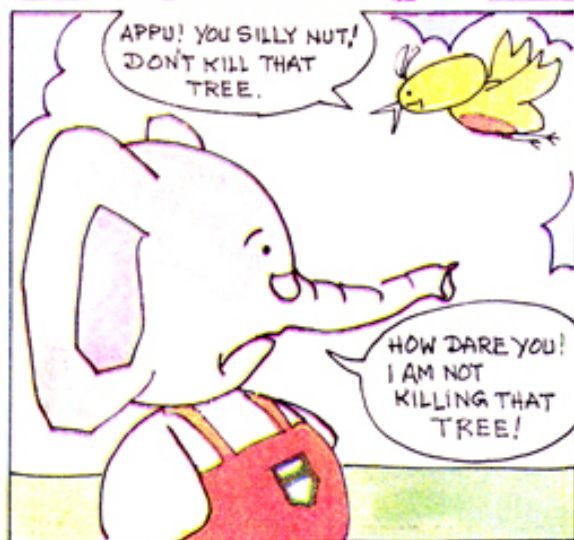
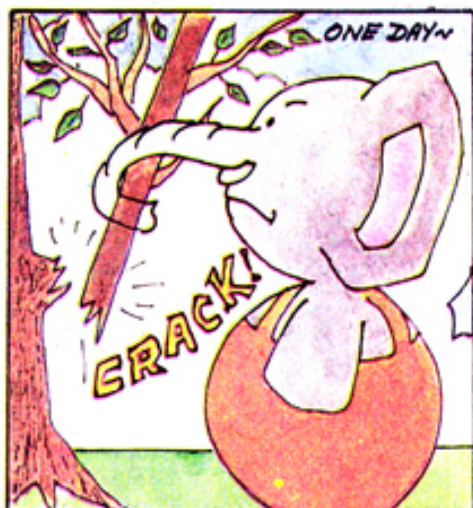
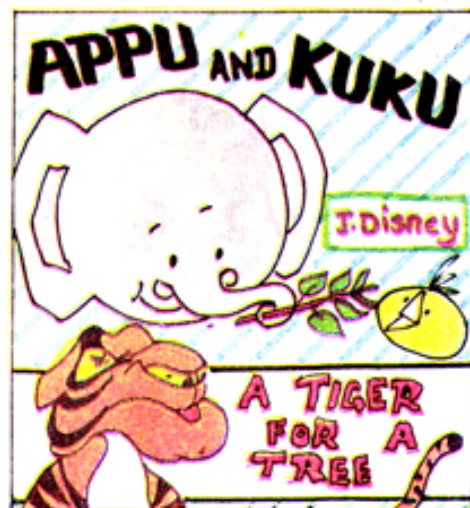
Then one day, the mother sparrow was perched on the window sill. The little one fluttered its wings and joined its

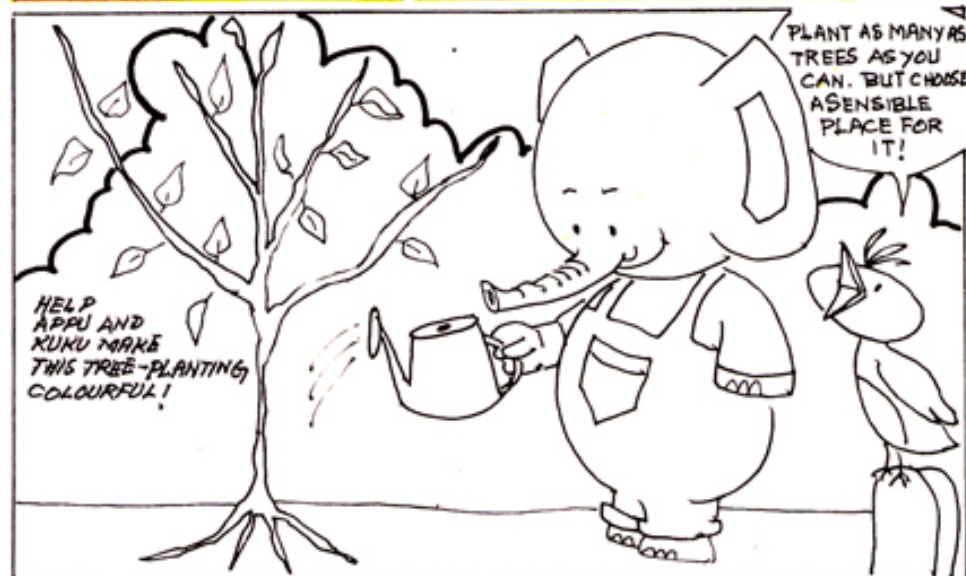
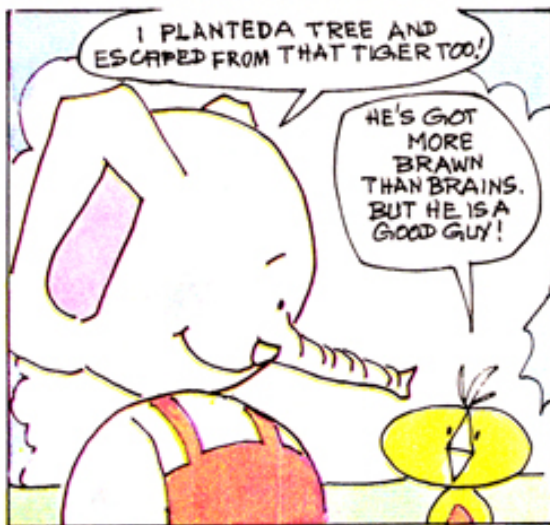
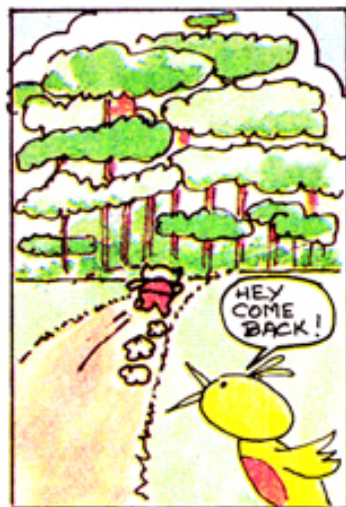
the geyser to the bathroom floor, every five months.

I cannot count the number of baby sparrows we have helped bring up. The same thing happens every time. Once the baby learns to fly, it leaves us for the wide, wide world. Very ungrateful, don't you think?

Hey! I think I heard a splash from the bathroom! It must be a sparrow. I must go now. So long!

**V. Rowina Kagoo, aged 12,
Madras - 600 030.**





Mani looked frightened. "You really want me to go all the way through that wilderness alone, amma?"

She shrugged helplessly.

"Yes, Mani," she replied. "You've got to take this job. We need the money."

"But amma!" If somebody comes with me, it'll be nice. Will you, amma?"

"No Mani, I cannot," she replied firmly. "We owe so many people money that I cannot come away just like that. You need to earn too, if you have to study further. Now be brave..."

Mani nodded.

"I have to be brave," he thought. Mani was to go to his uncle's house across the forest. But deep inside him was the fear of going into the unknown alone. How was he to cross the forest alone? Supposing he was attacked by some wild animal?

The next morning, Mani's mother smiled at him and said, "If you need company to make you feel braver, here's one." She handed him a mud pot. Its mouth was covered by a thin piece of cloth with a hole in the middle. A soft scrabbling noise came from within.

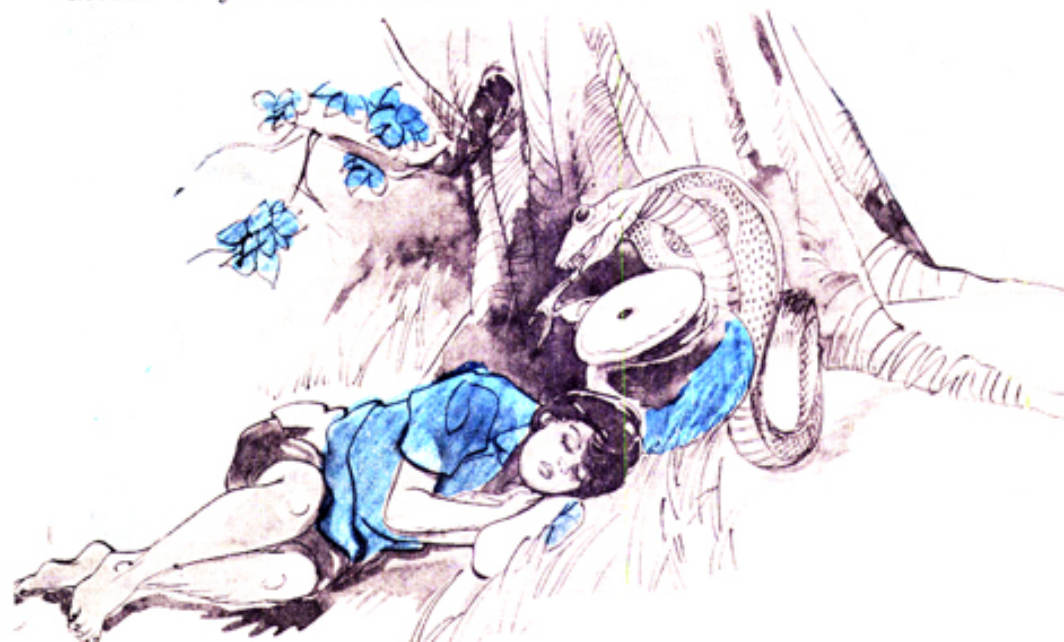
"What's this amma?"

"That is a magic pot," she replied. "Carry this with you when you cross the forest. It'll save you from all possible dangers."

Mani looked at the pot in wonder. The noise inside became louder.

"Don't ever open that pot, Mani," said his mother. "After you cross the forest, just throw it away."

Mani kept walking through the forest till his feet ached. He wanted to cross it as soon as possible. Soon, it was dusk. Mani came across a big shady tree with a stream run-



ning past it. He decided to rest there. He washed himself and ate the curd rice that his mother had prepared and packed that morning. Soon, he was fast asleep, the pot resting by his side.

The night was quiet. The scratching noise from the pot had abated too.

Suddenly, the pot shook a little. Then it rocked from



THE Magic POT

side to side. The pot was actually resting right on top of a snake hole. A cobra emerging from it, found its passage blocked and had pushed with all its might. Mani, unaware of these developments slept blissfully on. The angry snake gave one last shove, and forced its way from under the pot. It raised its head to strike Mani. But its attention was diverted by the pot gently rocking from side to side. A loud scratching noise came from within, Curious (and hungry too) the cobra decided to investigate.

It pushed its head into the little hole in the cloth. Sudden-

ly, its body and tail began to twist and thrash this way and that, in sheer agony. A long while later, all movement ceased.

It was morning. Mani woke up and was horrified to find a headless cobra beside him.

He looked around him. A soft noise came from inside the pot. Mani knew that it was the magic pot that had saved him.

He heaved it onto his shoulder and walked on. By mid-day, he had crossed the forest. Jubilant, he threw the pot aside. It fell by the roadside, breaking into many pieces. A huge crab leapt out and danced away into the bushes. Mani gazed at it in surprise.

Then he understood that the greatest magic in this world is in one's own mind. Smiling to himself, Mani walked on, towards his uncle's house.

KAILASH

*(Adapted from a
Tamil folk tale)*



1. It numbers from zero to nine.

*Says that you are fine,
Speaks through distances,*

In moments of time.

What is it?



2. If it is red, all are dead!
If it is green, the scene becomes clean!

What is it?

3. It's got a nose, that gets a cold,
A running nose, when ever you hold!

What is it?

4. Twenty-four parts, but is not the day,
Helps you travel, a long way!

What is it?

G. Anuradha.

ANSWERS : 1. Telephone, 2. Traffic signal, 3. Water Jug, 4. Wheel (The Ashoka Chakra).



TRAVELLING BLUES

I board the bus with a four kg. bag,
It is time in which I lag.
Twenty minutes for the bell to ring,
How I wish I had two wings.

An old man pushes me away,
With my bag, I start to sway,
A kind man gives me his seat,
'Tis the school bell I have to beat.

The bus moves from stop to stop,
Like a snail making its way to the top.
I fear the monitor waiting for me,
What is my fate going to be?

The bus finally screeches to a stop,
I run across the road, though I see the cop.
Another trip, safely undertaken by me,
I shudder to think of the return journey.

C. Bharath, aged 13,
Madras - 90.

Matti...



COBRAS AND CHESS!

1. Who is the author of 'My Cricketing Years'?

2. What is the capital of Cuba?

3. What was the old name for Assam?

4. What is the currency of South Africa?

5. Which filmstar gave his voice for Sher Khan, in the cartoon serial 'Jungle Book'?

6. Which is the smallest independent state in the world?

7. Which chess player is nicknamed 'Indian Cobra'?

**K.N. Sujit, aged 11,
Calcutta - 700 008.**

4. Who was the first Indian cricketer to slam a century in test cricket?

5. 'Gary Linekar' is a famous football player. To which country does he belong?

6. Which Indian Athlete is called the 'Payoli Express'?

**C. Vasanth,
aged 14,
H.C.C.V.
School,
Madras - 61.**

LONGEST LIFE!

1. There is one organ from which the veins do not carry blood to the heart. Name it.

2. Name the animal that can hang upside down from tree branches, even while sleeping.



SPORTS QUIZ

1. Where was the first modern Olympics held?

2. What is the venue for 1996 Olympic games?

3. Who was the first Indian cricketer to score over 4000 runs in one day Internationals?

ANSWERS

COBRAS AND CHESS!

1. Ajit Wadekar
2. Havana
3. Kamarpur
4. Rand
5. Nana Patekar
6. Vatican City
7. Surya Shekar Ganguly.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Athens, in 1896
2. Atlanta, U.S.A.
3. Krishnamachari Srikkanth
4. Lala Amarnath
5. England
6. P.T. Usha

3. Name the only ape that can stand and walk upright.

4. Which animal has the longest life span?

5. Name the bird which is regarded as a symbol of love and peace.

6. Which is the most poisonous fish?

7. What is the science of coins and medals called?

8. What is the scientific



tin?

10. Which country is called 'Land of Lilies'?

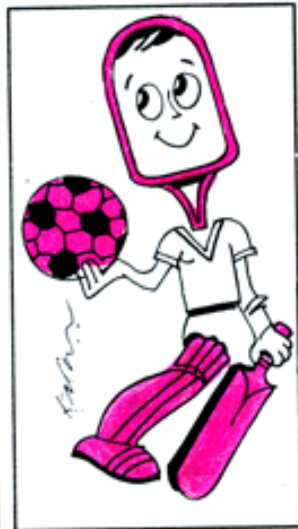
11. Which Indian festival is celebrated once in twelve years?

12. Which part of the human body helps to keep our balance?

13. Which planet is known as 'Morning Evening Star'?

14. Who is the 'Father of Geometry'?

15. Who first used the greeting 'Jai Hind'?



name for human beings?

9. Which country is the world's largest producer of

**Sowmya H.S., aged 13,
Bangalore - 560 079.**

15. Subhash Chandra Bose
14. Euclid
13. Venus
12. The Semicircular canals in the ear
11. Kumba Mela
10. France
9. Malaysia

8. Homo Sapiens
7. Numismatics
6. Stonefish
5. Dove
4. Tortoise
3. Gibbon
2. Sloth
1. Lungs

LONGEST LIFE!

'PRACTICAL' PEOPLE

I am basically not a superstitious person. But there are certain prejudices that I have. This one for instance — that people with sharp noses and thin lips are cruel people. I don't remember who told me this. It's nonsense. But I can't shake this prejudice off at all.

So when I saw this particular girl in my class on re-opening day, I knew I had to avoid her as much as possible. She had a sharp nose and extremely thin lips! A week at school passed. I had not spoken a word to this new girl. But I knew

that her name was Anitha because my other classmates told me so.

One Friday, it so happened that I had to sit next to her in practical class. Anitha talked vivaciously to me. But I didn't talk to her at all. The 'prejudiced me' kept telling me,

TEST FOR CRUELTY!

that all this was just a show. She must actually be a very cold and cruel person. I was cold as ice when I spoke the few words I did to her. But Anitha didn't seem to mind my coldness. Perhaps she thought that I was a quiet person! — which I really am not.

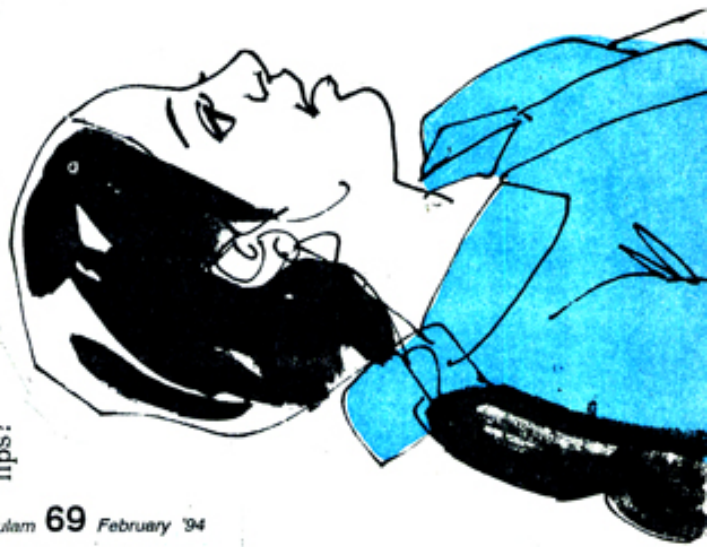
On the way back home that evening, I was talking to my friend Vasumathy as we cycled our way back home. When I told her about Anitha and the way I had spoken coldly to her, she exclaimed "Really Madhu! I never thought you could be so prejudiced!"



She laughed and exclaimed, "Sometimes you really can be an idiot!"

It was that sarcastic laugh that changed me.

When I reached home, I pondered as to why I always avoided Anitha, was it just because she had a sharp nose and very thin lips?



"Sometimes you're really an idiot," I told myself. I also decided to talk to Anitha properly the next day.

And I did.

Saturday morning, I was chatting happily with her in the Chemistry lab. As we did salt analysis, we became close friends. I realized what a nice girl she was — the prejudice no longer bothered me.

It was the next Monday. A new Physics teacher was to take class for us that day.

The previous teacher had got married and was to settle in Dubai. I went to the next section to enquire about our new teacher. I saw Veena there. Veena is one of my close friends. I had always admired her because of her practical nature. Her judgement was always good.

"Hi Veena!" I greeted her, "How is the new physics teacher?"

"She's very good and she teaches really well," was Veena's assertive answer.

But the next few words shocked me.

"But Mads," she exclaimed, "I think she'll be very cruel! You should see how thin her lips are!" I then laughed to myself.

"I am not the only idiot," I told myself.

V. Madhu, aged 15,
Madras - 600 004.



Colour and Keep

Here's a drawing you can colour and keep
or use as an embroidery design too!



CHEMICAL TALK

Priya : *Bonjour mademoiselle oxygen.* My name is Priya. I have come to interview you for 'Gokulam'.

Oxygen (*fluttering her eyelashes*): Oh, sure!

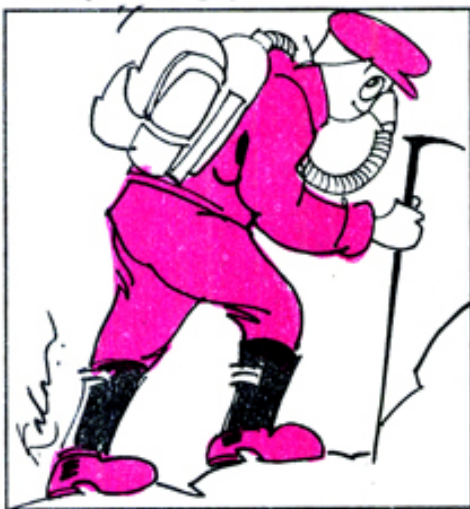
Priya : I know that your symbol is 'O'.

Oxygen (*giggling*): Do you know that my name means *acid making*? *Antoine Lavoisier* coined me from Greek words of that meaning.

Priya : Tell me a little more about yourself.

Oxygen : My atomic number is 8. My valency is -2 and my density is 1.14.

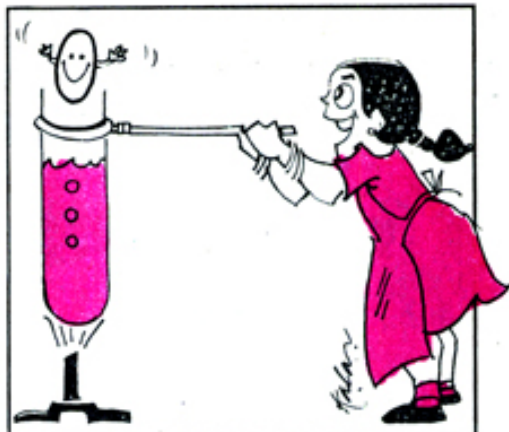
My boiling point is -183°C



and my melting point is -218.9°C .

Priya : How are you found in nature?

Oxygen : I am in a gaseous state, usually. I make up $\frac{1}{5}$ th of the atmosphere.



MADEMOISELLE OXYGEN

Priya : Wow! So you are around me all the time! When did we discover you?

Oxygen : Only in the year 1772. *Joseph Priestly*, a scientist heated some red oxide of mercury, and discovered me. He realized that I was the one that made things burn brightly.

Priya : Who named you?

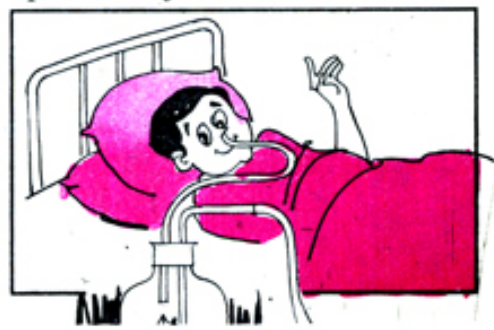
Oxygen : It was the French chemist called *Lavoisier*. As I said before, he thought (wrongly) that I was present in all acids.

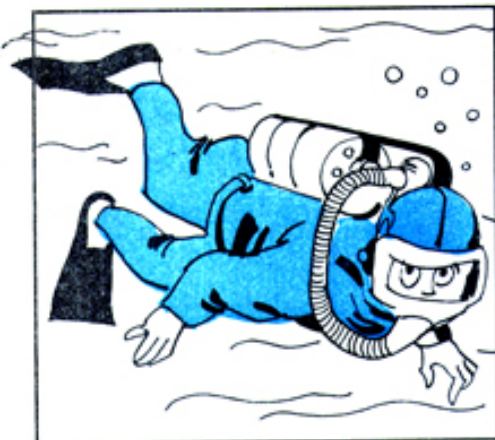
Priya : How did you come into this lab?

Oxygen : I was prepared right here!

Priya : How?

Oxygen (*giggling*): The questions you ask! Well.... I was





heated with 10gms of manganese-di-oxide (MnO_2) with 30gms of Potassium Chlorate (K_2Cl_3) in a test tube. After 8 to 10 bubbles of me had escaped into the air, a jar containing water was inverted on a beehive shelf. I collected into the jar, displacing the water downwards.

Priya : Doesn't sound difficult!

Oxygen : Huh! You think it's easy? Think again. If the test tube is not heated properly, it'll explode!

Priya : It's difficult to see you. What kind of gas are you?

Oxygen : I am a colourless, odourless and tasteless gas. I am slightly soluble in water, and am heavier than air. I am essential to life and to combustion.

Priya : It's good to be friendly, doesn't it?

Oxygen : You said it!

Priya : What are your uses?

Oxygen : That's a stupid question. Think Priya! You breathe me. I am put into cylinders for patients in hospitals, for divers, miners and mountaineers. You really need me, don't you, or you won't be living! So don't make me angry!

Priya (gulping hurriedly) : Yes, that was a stupid question. Thanks a lot! I must be off! Bye!

**Supriya J., aged 14,
Bangalore - 560 028.**

SIMPLE MATHS

Proving The Impossible

Can you prove that $1 = 2$? Impossible, you say? Just read on....

Let $a = b$

Then $a \times b = b \times b$

$ab = b^2$

Now subtract a^2 from both sides.

$ab - a^2 = b^2 - a^2$

$a(b - a) = (b + a)(b - a)$

Now divide both sides by $(b - a)$

$a = b + a$

Thus, if $a = 1$, then

$1 = b + 1$

and since $a = b$,

$1 = 1 + 1$

$1 = 2!$

Adapted from 'Figuring the Joy of Numbers' by Shakuntala Devi by

**A. Hemanth Kumar,
Chittoor - 517 001.**

WORK WORDS

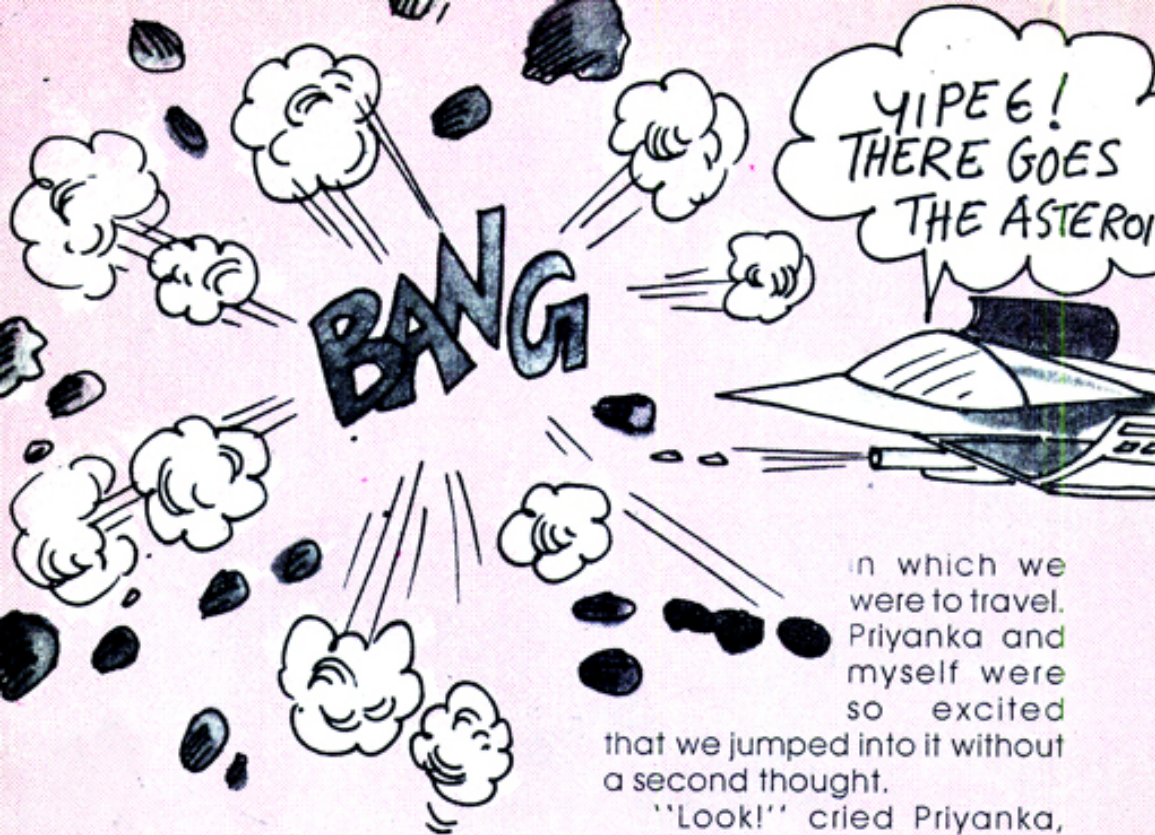
Here is a challenging puzzle. Hidden in the grid below are ten different occupations. Try to find them all in five minutes!



A	S	T	I	F	R	N	T	E	L	M	Q
N	B	D	A	P	S	K	L	M	A	E	P
R	E	N	G	I	N	E	E	R	W	F	L
P	A	N	S	L	L	E	L	A	Y	A	A
N	U	A	V	M	B	O	D	K	E	R	L
S	T	D	R	I	V	E	R	M	R	M	S
B	I	H	P	Y	G	O	H	L	K	E	N
R	C	H	E	F	T	L	X	W	A	R	V
Z	I	B	J	C	S	K	A	T	I	D	U
K	A	V	O	M	N	R	E	G	N	I	S
G	N	D	H	L	I	P	Z	W	Q	R	O
P	V	E	D	J	T	E	A	C	H	E	R

Swetha and Arthi, Madras - 600 020.

Solution on page 80



in which we
were to travel.
Priyanka and
myself were
so excited

that we jumped into it without
a second thought.

"Look!" cried Priyanka,
"There are
two panels!
One has

We had just landed at
the Sri Harikota rocket
station. Guessed
something? Yes! We were to
make a trip to Mercury and
Mars. Ooof! I forgot to tell you
who 'we' meant. 'We' was my
sister Priyanka, my uncle
Anand and myself.

We were
shown the rocket

ZIP-ZAP!
ZOOM!





the controls, and the other has the storage space."



Suddenly, the gates closed! We turned cold with horror. The count-down had begun! 5-4-3-2-1-0!

Our rocket took off and both of us ran to the steering wheel. We grabbed it at the same time, and let go at the same

time. Then we both grabbed it once again. Seeing that it just wouldn't do, we had a short discussion. So I took the steering wheel and she agreed to be in charge of the rocket's safety and other things.

We were making our way to Jupiter. That's when we met with our first problem. I gave the steering wheel such a violent wrench that it came off in my hands. Now what were we to do with no steering wheel? Our rocket was now off on a perfectly straight course.

HOLD ON,
PRIYANKA!
NO GRAVITY
ZONE!



Priyanka decided to take matters in her own hands.

She began to jab at the different buttons on the control panel. Suddenly,

all the guns in our rocket began shooting off bullets into space. By the time we could put it right, all our ammunition was over. Double trouble! No steering wheel, no ammunition! We went cold with fear.

As we sat there wondering what to do, a huge asteroid loomed into our monitor. What



were we to do? We had just finished our ammunition, and here comes Mr. Nuisance! I jabbed at a button in our ammunition panel. A huge bomb flew through space, hit the asteroid and blasted it to pieces! Eureka...?!? Oh, no! Our front propeller was now missing, and one of our engines was not working! One bit of the asteroid had hit our rocket!

We were desperate! We pressed, jabbed and pulled. The control unit gave a gasp and shut down! And something else happened — our fuel was draining out! What were we to do with this horrible machine?

"No Gravity Zone," flashed the panel.

"Hang on Pri," I shouted grabbing my seat. "Did you see that?"

I looked around. Where was Priyanka? She was missing! That was the last straw! What with everything breaking down — now my sis was missing! I looked up. There was ma'm stuck to the ceiling. Horror of horrors! She fell to the floor as soon as the 'No Gravity Zone' flashed off.

We hugged each other in delight. I turned towards the panel. There we were, zooming straight towards Mars! There was nothing we could

do about it! We closed our eyes as a collision seemed imminent.

But no! What was happening? We had hit the planet and were travelling right through it!

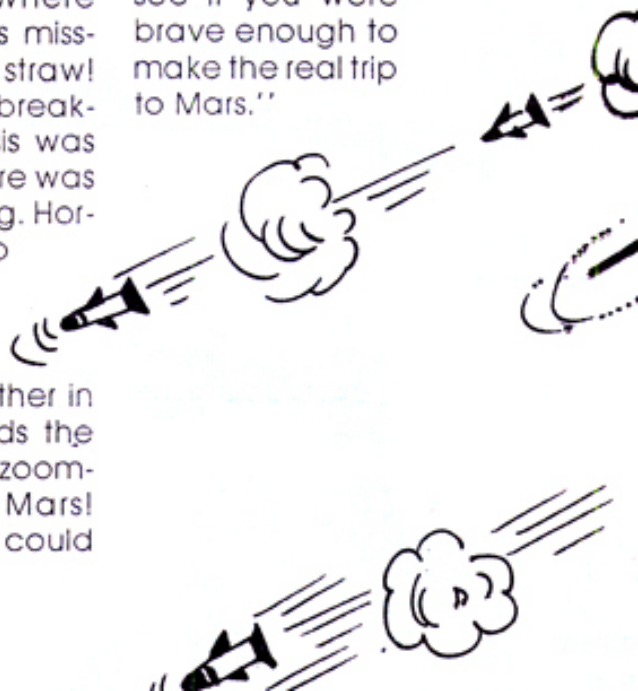
We came out of Mars, but there was another planet right in front of us! It was Venus.

But hey! What was this? Was it our dad, mom and uncle in front of us? How was that? Fantastic! How did they travel into space and get suspended in mid-air like that?

Suddenly, the doors opened and we staggered out, blinking. What was this? We had not taken off at all.

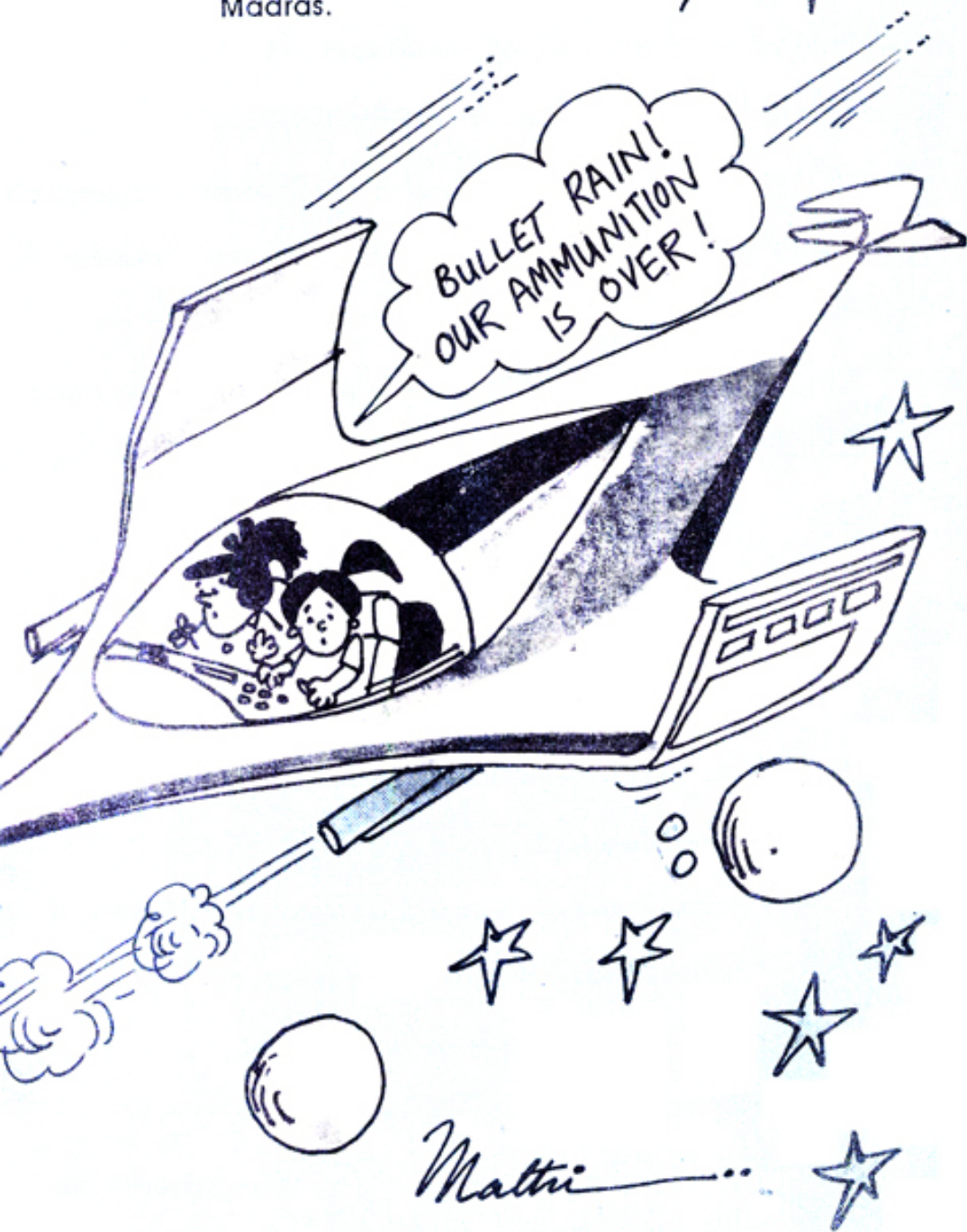
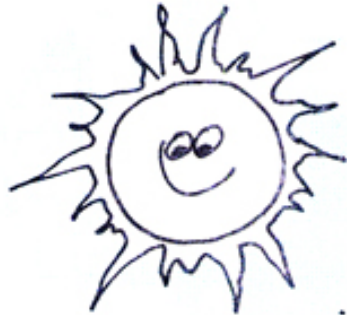
Uncle Anand was there, laughing his head off.

"That was just a trick rocket," he said, "To see if you were brave enough to make the real trip to Mars."



What? Yay! Yippee! We
were to make the real trip after
all!

Lakshmi Balaraman,
aged 12,
Holy Angels H.S.S.,
Madras.



THE SNOW LEOPARD

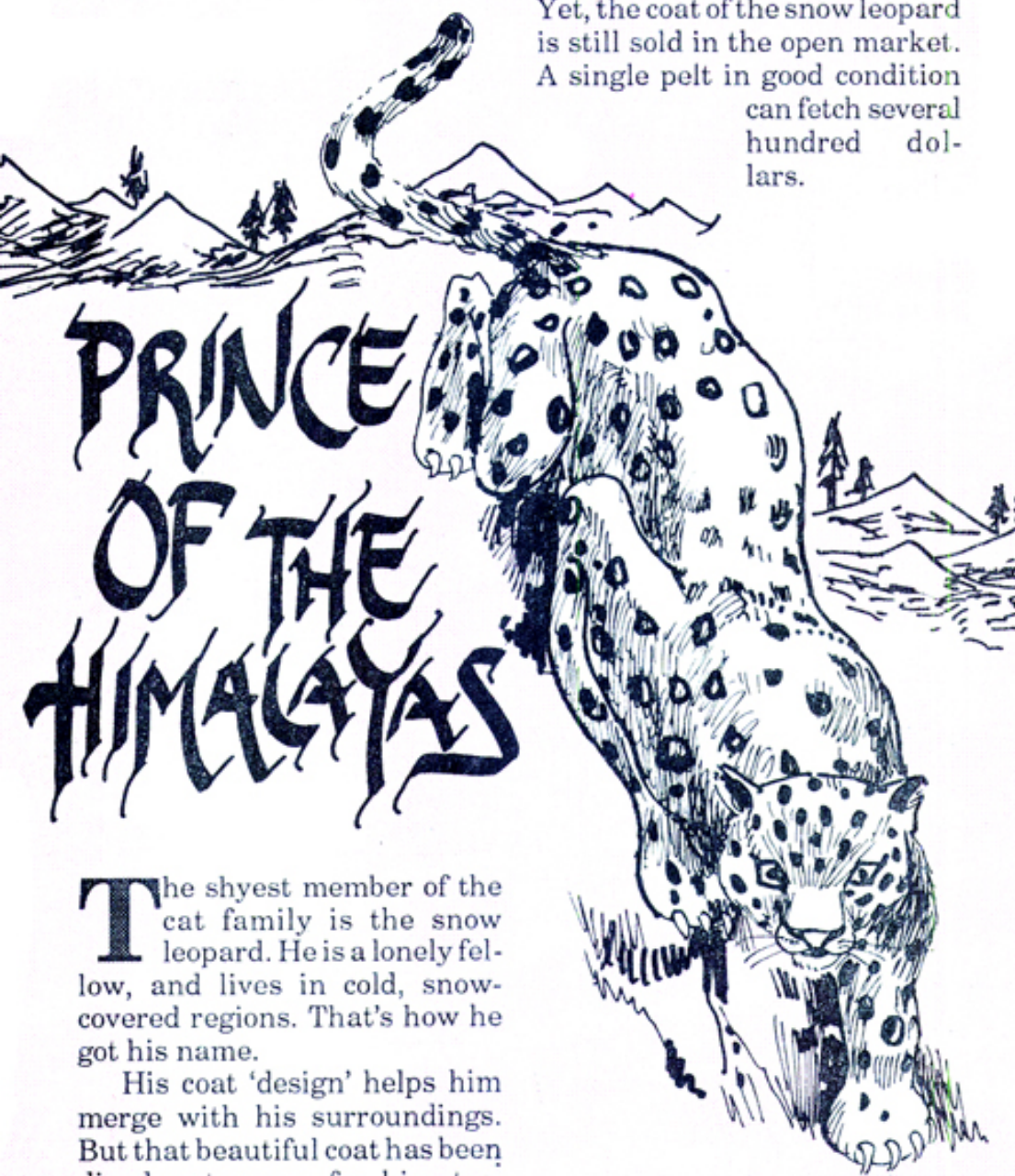
lages. Now, the snow leopard is a protected species. He is hunted less, for the Wildlife Protection Act protects him. Yet, the coat of the snow leopard is still sold in the open market. A single pelt in good condition can fetch several hundred dollars.

PRINCE OF THE HIMALAYAS

The shyest member of the cat family is the snow leopard. He is a lonely fellow, and lives in cold, snow-covered regions. That's how he got his name.

His coat 'design' helps him merge with his surroundings. But that beautiful coat has been disadvantageous for him too. Poachers hunt him for it in Nepal and the surrounding vil-

An American couple paid \$1058 for such a pelt in a



Government Tourist Store in China. An overcoat made of the pelt of a snow leopard may cost \$ 60,000 in the black market.

The snow leopard is a carnivorous mammal. His scientific name is *Panthera Uncica*. A fully grown male can be 2 feet tall and 3 feet long. He has flat ears, green eyes and weighs about 100 pounds. He has a wide mouth with sharp canine teeth.

The snow leopard leaves his distinct signs along the paths he travels. He sprays his scent on boulders and tree trunks along with urine and faeces.

The snow leopard is a lonely soul. Except from January to March. That is his mating season. He attracts his mate by high perched yowls during the cold, winter nights. The female snow leopard responds with yowls of her own.

The 'she' snow leopard gives birth to two young cubs in her



den in the month of June. The cubs are helpless during the first six weeks. They feed only on mother's milk.

Once they grow into adults, they begin to search for new sites to stay. They never stay at one place.

A young cub weighing about 40 to 50 pounds may kill a sheep weighing 120 pounds!

GEETHA VISWANATHAN



ANSWERS

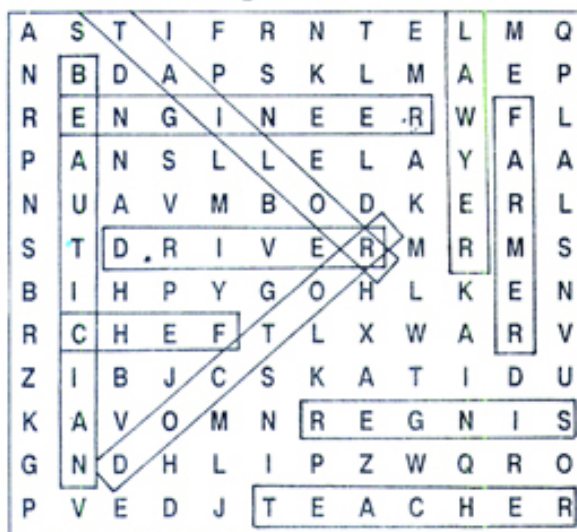
Page 47

JINGLE MESS!

Hey - Diddle - Diddle!
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped
 over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away
 with the spoon.

Centre-Spread Illustration :
JAYARAJ

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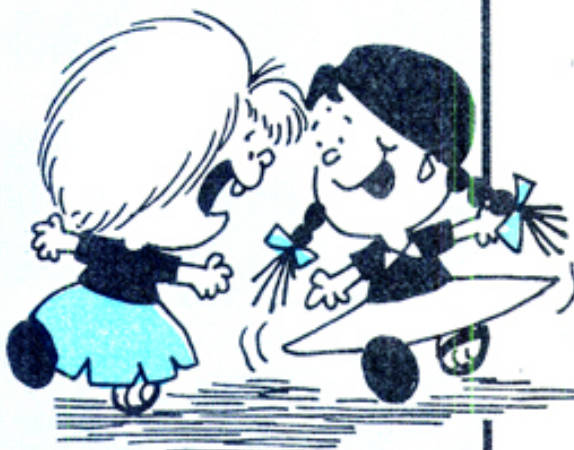
Q : How can you predict a ghost's future?

A : By looking into its 'HORROR' SCOPES.

Lalitha, aged 12,
Madras - 600 041.

Dear Lalitha,

You have not given your complete address. Please send it to us. Ed.



Waiter : Would you like egg on toast, sir?

Customer : Why, haven't you got any plates?

R. Valliappan, aged 13,
Madras - 600 085.



WATERVIEW HOUSE

The story so far....

Shyama, Suresh, and their parents, the Viswanaths, are on a holiday at Kodaikanal. There, they stay at 'Waterview House', a bungalow that belongs to their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sharma.

Suresh, a camera buff, and Shyama hire cycles and tour around the countryside. They make friends with Adityan, a tourist guide.

Suddenly, one day, the caretaker-cum-gardener of Waterview House vanishes. The Viswanaths find that he has taken all his belongings with him.

Suresh and Shyama ride out to see Adityan, to find out if he knows anything about the disappearance.

But when Adityan sees them, he runs away shouting, "Leave the house! It is dangerous!"

Then two thugs turn up at the bungalow saying that they want to buy it.

But Mrs. Viswanath sends them away saying, "It's not for sale!"

Shyama and Suresh ride over to the 'Photoshoppe', to collect some prints of a film they had given for developing. In one of the pictures taken of Waterview House, from the lake, Shyama spots two men

standing on the roof of the house. Who are they?

The children tell their parents of the discovery. All are puzzled as to why the thugs want Waterview House so badly.

Suresh decides that Adityan holds the key to the mystery and rides out to find him. Shyama fears that Suresh might meet some mishap and tells her father.

An angry Mr. Viswanath sets out with Shyama to overtake Suresh.

They stop at a tea-stall to ask directions to Old Mount, where Adityan lives. They find that there are two routes - the short one through a forest, and the long one by road. They decide to play safe and take the road.

Suresh meanwhile, has taken the short cut. His bicycle tyre has been punctured, and he wheels it forward. Lost, he finds himself at a warehouse of sorts, where men are busy unloading crates. The men take him captive when they realize that he lives at Waterview House.

They board a lorry and reach a huge mansion on one of the smaller hills. Adityan, Suresh realizes, is a prisoner there.

Meanwhile, Shyama and Mr. Viswanath reach Old Mount. A guide approaches them thinking they are tourists. When they ask



him about Adityan, he looks frightened. He shows them the rubble of a damaged house saying it belongs to the vanished guide.

Shyama and her father turn homewards. On the way, they meet Mrs. Viswanath, who has come out in search of them. They return home to find it ablaze with lights. The thugs are waiting inside to imprison them!

Suresh, who is a prisoner in the mansion sees a chance to escape.... but is unable to do so. He meets his 'jailor', Professor Jose Sundar, a scientist who had hidden some secret papers in Waterview House. The Viswanaths and Shyama spend an uncomfortable night behind a hedge. They wake up to find Waterview House burnt down!

Now read on.....

"Hello! Hello!" Mr. Viswanath was on the telephone at the post-office, talking to Mrs. Sharma. "Shiela! Viswanath here! Ask Sharma to come down at once. Waterview House has been burnt down.... What? We don't know who did it!.... Suresh is missing! MISSING!.... Yes, yes! Thanks a lot!"

Shyama was quietly sobbing, her head on Mrs. Viswanath's lap. Two policemen stood a little away.

"The Sharmas will be here tomorrow morning or evening," Mrs. Viswanath told his tired wife and daughter.

A police jeep took them to a government guest house, where they were to stay till things could be sorted out.



The local inspector was waiting for them. After having made sure that they were comfortable, he said, "I want to ask you some questions about what has happened so far. You say that some strange men were at the house, last night. Could you describe the ones you saw?"

"I hardly remember...." Mrs. Viswanath tiredly replied, "we just had a fleeting glimpse of what was happening...."

"I think one man was bearded," said Shyama slowly, "A short, strong-looking bearded man. Mummy! Do you remember those two guys who came asking if they could buy the house?"

"No," replied her mother, "I hardly could. It was so long ago."

"I think this bearded chap could be one of them!"

"Wait!" said the inspector, "We have a few suspects here. We know something fishy's going around here, and have

spotted some criminal elements around too. Now Shyama, I have photos of certain wanted men here. See if the one you saw is among them."

Two photos later, Shyama exclaimed, "That's him!"

"Somu!" sighed the inspector, "I'd guessed as much. We spotted him around here about a month ago, shortly after you people moved into *Waterview House*. He saw us and ran for his life. He was carrying something with him. We wanted to interrogate him on two other cases and gave chase. But the clever chap escaped!"

"How?" asked Shyama.

"He jumped into the lake and swam away!"

"Beside *Waterview House*?" asked Shyama.

"Yes! He jumped over the gate, ran down the steps to the lake and jumped in."

"Maybe..." muttered Shyama, "He didn't escape at all? Could he have hidden at *Waterview House*?"

"Impossible!" growled the inspector, "We searched every inch of the house. He had definitely not hidden inside! He definitely jumped into the lake."

Shyama did not have any answer to that.

CRASH! BANG! BANG!
These loud noises woke Suresh up. He opened his bedroom door and ran through the corridor into the study. Jose was standing before two men. Suresh had not seen them before.

On the floor lay the broken pieces of a porcelain vase, and two brass figures.

"Fools! Fools!" Jose was shouting, "Somu and Dinesh ran off with the papers? My plans! Oh! Fools!"

Stomping up and down the room, he gave vent to his anger. Suddenly he turned and saw Suresh.

"Ah, you!" he cried, "Come in!"

Suresh walked in rubbing the sleep off his eyes.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Somu and Dinesh ran off with my precious papers!"

Suresh felt almost sorry for the man.

"Dinesh is that tall fellow?" asked Suresh, referring to the 'leader'.

"Yes! That's the one! They've double-crossed me!"

Suresh sat down and looked at the two men.

"And these two men reported that back to you?" asked Suresh.



"Yes," Jose this time almost whispered. He sat down opposite Suresh and covered his face with his hands. "What am I to do? My plans! That Somu! It's his brain work! I know!"

As Jose continued to curse and mutter to himself, Suresh was busy thinking.

So Jose lost his 'papers' once again. They had planned to burn *Waterview House*. Had they done it?

"What happened to *Waterview House*?" he asked.

"It was burnt up," one of the men standing smirked. Suresh's heart sank. His camera! His precious camera with all its lens and fittings! He felt like hitting Jose. He did not feel sorry for him anymore.

"Search for Somu and that fellow!" Jose was ordering the



two men. "I want them found by this evening!"

The two men went out.

“What were those papers about?” Suresh asked slowly.

“You saw those crates out there?” Jose asked.

“Yes,” nodded Suresh, “They were filled with planks of wood.”

“You see,” explained Jose, “I am a brilliant scientist. Yes, I am! I am not boasting. But who recognizes me here? I am paid peanuts in the institute where I work. So I have become a conduit for smugglers. Ah, I see! You don’t understand. Come closer.”

Suresh got up, and sat next to Jose.

“I have a vast criminal network,” explained Jose, “And I know of every way and method to smuggle goods in and out of this country. So people who need to smuggle things in and out, come to me. I do it for them, and they pay me a small fee.”

Suresh’s eyes went round, and his mouth made an ‘O’ in wonder.

“This time,” said Jose, “A well-known scientist at a space centre in our country, wants me to smuggle certain important papers out. And now, I’ve lost

them to Somu and Dinesh! The rascals! I'll kill them!"

Adityan woke up. A thin streak of light had crept through the tiny window of the little basement room that was his prison. He was afraid. Terribly afraid. Adityan had often done work for Jose in his smuggling network. But now, he wanted to get out of it.

Jose had been very angry when he'd told him that. He had threatened Adityan and had ordered him to scare those people out of *Waterview House*.

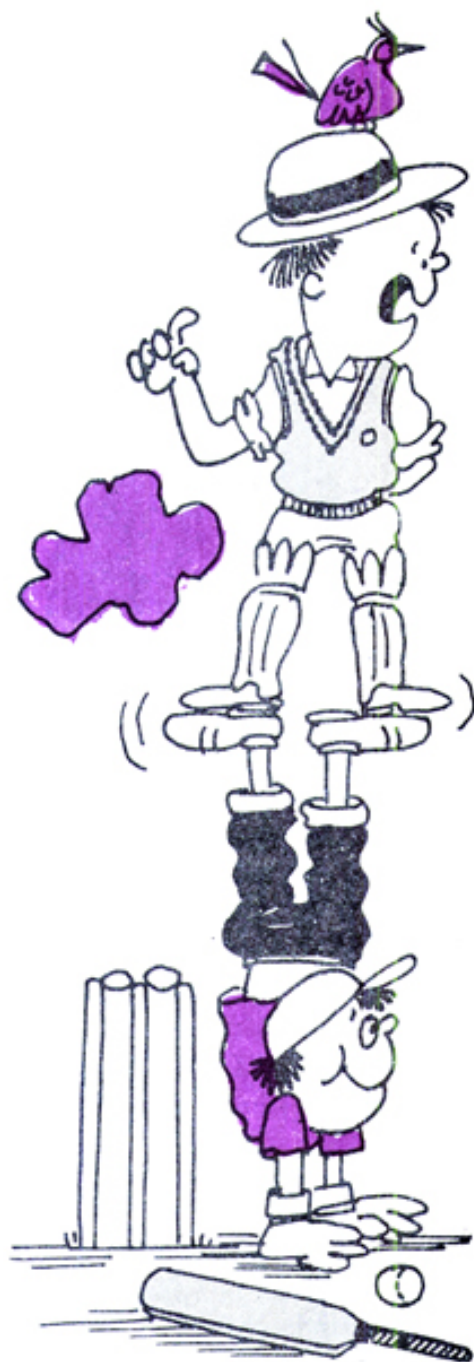
That's why he'd scared those kids telling them that the house was dangerous. After that, he'd begged Jose, "I'll not tell anyone about you. Please let me go!"

But Jose had only laughed loudly and said, "Somu! Throw this fool into the basement!"

It was more than a week since he had been here. He saw only the old woman who brought him food and led him to the toilet next door. He was helpless.

Adityan groaned in despair as he rested his head on his knees.

SRILATHA DHAR
Next issue : WILL
ADITYAN EVER ESCAPE
JOSE'S CLUTCHES?



CRICKET FEVER

There are twelve words pertaining to cricket in the grid below.
Can you spot them?
All the best!

S	I	X	M	B	Y	B	N	N	M	Z
A	P	V	A	A	E	G	D	O	V	F
B	X	I	T	T	A	G	C	B	T	Y
S	Z	I	N	S	K	O	T	A	E	M
T	E	E	N	M	T	A	S	L	E	P
Z	B	O	K	A	F	Z	O	L	Y	X
Y	N	O	I	N	Y	J	T	F	L	U
E	Y	R	W	N	K	M	V	G	L	Y
O	G	P	M	L	P	I	T	C	H	P
M	T	K	E	P	E	X	C	K	X	L
U	B	E	N	S	J	R	D	A	M	T
N	M	E	Z	T	Z	C	O	G	Z	A
T	C	P	Y	K	W	I	C	K	E	T
E	Z	E	I	K	I	W	L	N	F	A
K	P	R	T	R	D	X	T	M	S	X
C	G	J	O	X	E	O	E	Y	M	Y
S	I	L	L	Y	P	O	I	N	T	Z
P	A	C	E	D	R	V	L	B	W	M

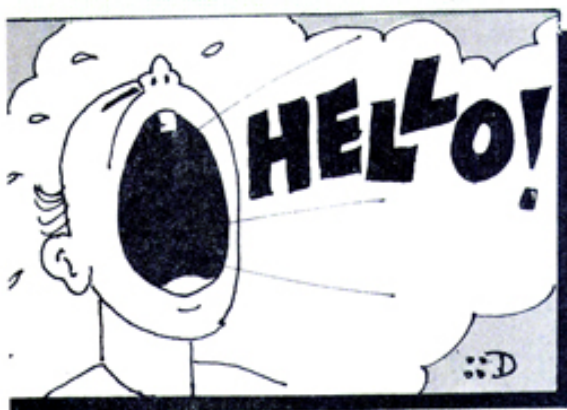
Compiled by

Oruganti Sarath, Std. VII, and Krishna, Std V,
Bhavan's Sri Ramakrishna Vidyalaya,
Hyderabad.

Solution on page 94

THE RADIO

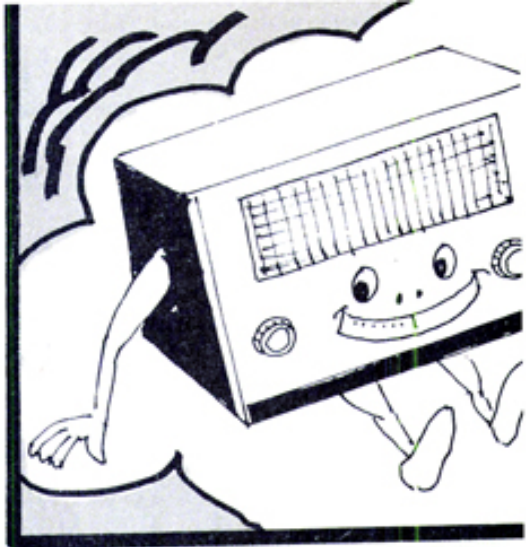
Even before we were invented men have always wished to send information over long distances. To do this they shouted across valleys, made smoke signals like the Red Indians did, lighted beacons to warn approaching ships or beat drums in the jungles. Increasing world populations and trade, put an even greater strain on existing means of communication. Something had to be done to



relieve this strain.

The first step towards our creation started in the year 1879, in London. A man called Edward Hughes (using a receiver he himself had made), listened to 'CLICK' sounds made by a transmitter in his laboratory, from a building near-by.

Eight more years passed before a German, Hienrich



Hertz, made an experiment using a simple apparatus, with just two Lyden jars (something which can store up an electric charge). Hertz put a Lyden jar on one side of the room, and a second jar on the opposite side of the room. Each jar had a small spark-gap connected across its metal coatings. Now came one of the most important moments in our history. When Hertz electrically charged one jar, a spark jumped across its spark-gap. Almost instantly a spark crackled across the spark-gap of the other jar. This proved that radio waves existed and could be transmitted across space without wires.

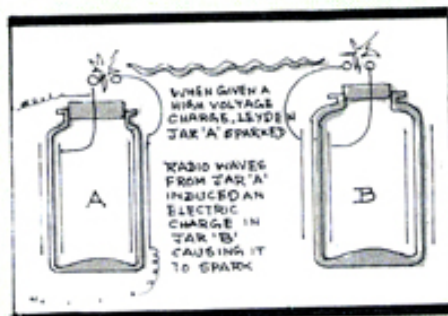
It was in 1896 that the young Italian Guglielmo Marconi, made radio transmissions over great distances a real possibility.

TUNING IN

On May 17th 1897, Marconi made a trial transmission from Lavernock Point to Flat Holm Island, eight miles away.

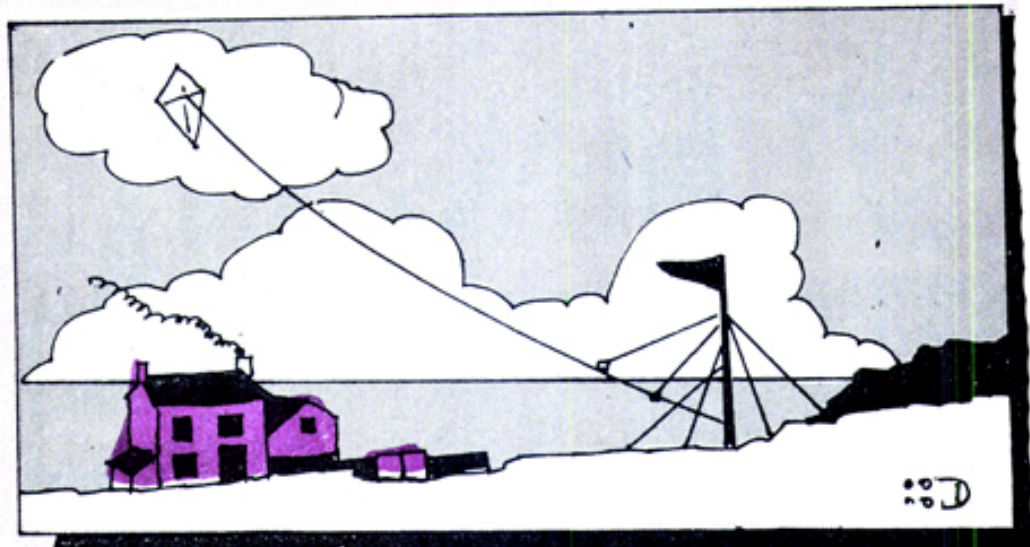
Although the British Government did not back Marconi, other wealthy people were willing to do so. He was offered £ 15,000, and a half share in a company, to promote his work and inventions. In December 1898, Marconi sent signals from the South Foreland lighthouse, to the lightship called *East Goodwin*, a distance of twelve

miles away. For two years, this radio link between lighthouse and lightship was maintained. Because of this, several ships were prevented from sinking,



and a number of lives saved. The radio had commenced to save life and property.

On December 12th 1901, Marconi was in Newfoundland to personally receive radio messages sent from Cornwall in England, 2170 miles away. The receiving aerial was suspended from a



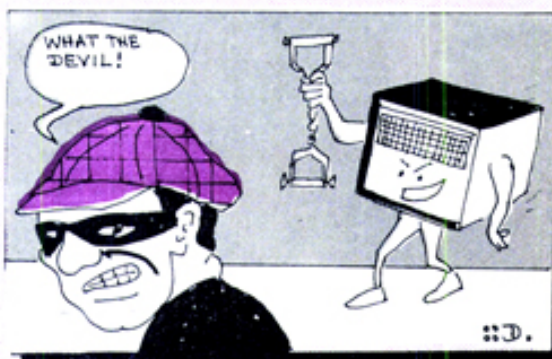
kite flying at a height of 500 feet. The Atlantic had now been spanned by radio. Another discovery was made during these tests — radio signals could be transmitted much further by night than by day.

The interest in radio was by now widespread. Many inventors began to work on it. In 1903, Sir Amrose Fleming invented the diode, and later Lee de Forest developed a triode. Both these inventions helped us become what we are today. By 1913, the entire world was linked by radio.

In 1910, Doctor Crippen was wanted by the Scotland Yard for the murder of his wife. Crippen tried to escape the law by sailing to Ireland on the liner MONTROSE. The captain of the MONTROSE became suspicious and sent a radio message to England. Inspector Dew of

the Scotland Yard quickly reached Ireland, arrested Crippen and took him back to England. Since those days, the radio has often been used to bring evil-doers to justice.

When the liner TITANIC was ripped by an iceberg, her senior radio officer Jack Phillips stayed at his radio, sending 'SOS' messages until he went down with the ship. He started the 'TITANIC Tradition' which says that as long as the radio works, the



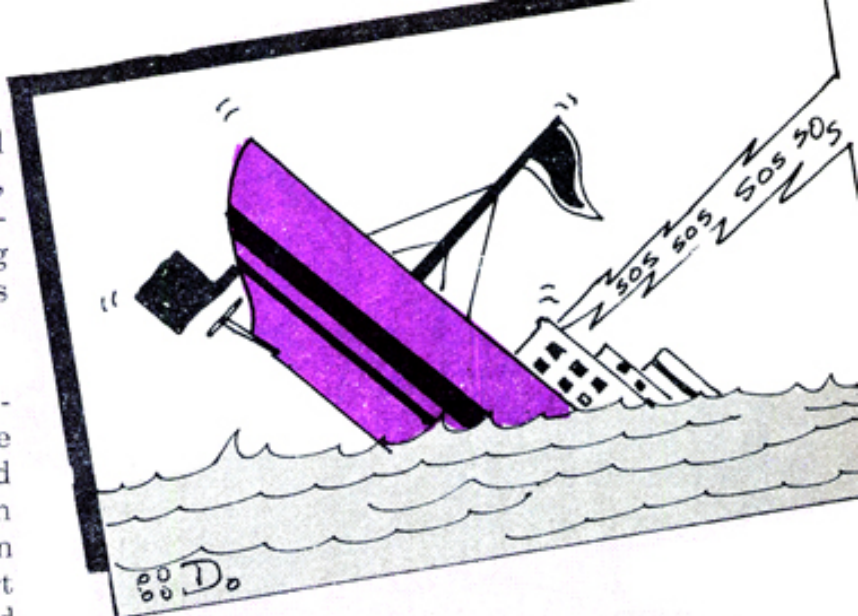
radio officer will stick to his post, even to the extent of going down with his ship.

The principle of the radio was used to find the depth of oceans. In 1939, Sir Robert Watson noticed strange echoes on his radio receiver whenever aircraft passed over it. He wondered what caused it. This led to his invention — the first radar set. Now radios have become more and more compact. Police bikes and ambulances are fitted with both a transmitter and a receiver. Rockets and satellites are guided by radio. There are

huge radio-telescopes that probe the depths of outer space and also track satellites.

Our story goes on from one exciting chapter to even more amazing ones. Only a hundred years have passed since that story began. One wonders what new marvels are yet to come.

**Text and illustration :
DISNEY**



Farmer : What are you doing in that tree, young man?

Naughty Shiva : One of your apples fell down, and I'm putting it back!

Rawlins Steve Murthy,
aged 14,
Secunderabad - 500 003.



Q : How will you separate a mixture of sugar and sand?

A : Spread the mixture on the floor. The ants will take away the sugar, leaving the sand.

Urvaksh M. Mehtha, aged 11,
Shahabad - 585 229.



FEEDBACK

Hi! I am the cut-out doll, Sudha. I appeared in the January issue of 'Gokulam'. A copy of that magazine fell into a pair of eager hands on the 23rd of December. The hands belonged to a girl called Kannal.

She was very excited to see me. She at once set to work on me. The uniform came first. She admired me wearing it. Next came the evening dress. I looked really smashing, I can tell you! I am not boasting. Really!

But most of all, I enjoyed the ghagra choli. Kannal took out her own ghagra choli and used the same bright colours on my dress. Wearing it, I looked like a little princess!

Later that day, she made a nightdress for me. I slept blissfully in a small cardboard



SUDHA TALKS TO YOU

box. Early the next morning her friends came and admired me. Some begged Kannal to make a doll for them too. So she traced out some new dolls for them, and some dresses too.

The next day, Kannal's mother asked her to make some greeting cards for the new year. Kannal used my cut-out to draw on the cards. All her relatives who received the card loved it.

By the way, Kannal is going to get a very big surprise when she reads this letter of mine in the next issue. She will soon guess that it is her doll, Sudha who has written it!

**Kannal Achuthan, aged 13,
Holy Cross Anglo Indian
Hr. Sec. School,
Tuticorin.**



Q : When can't you eat an orange?

A : When it is a juice!

**P.A. Syed Ameen, aged 16,
Vaniyambadi.**



* Srikkanth at our stall
at the Book Fair

The month of January welcomed the annual Madras Book Fair. This time, there was a new participant. You guessed it! It was 'Gokulam' along with its group magazines *Kalki*, *Mangayar Malar* and *Gokulam* (Tamil).

The latest and back issues of all these magazines were on display and on sale too!

To make the Book Fair days exciting and special, the stall had several celebrities visiting

GOKULAM AT THE BOOK FAIR

it — Sivasankari (a well-known writer in South India), Gopulu (a cartoonist and artist) K. Balachander (a film director) and Vairamuthu (a Tamil Poet).

But our first famous visitor to the stall was Krishnama-chari Srikkanth, the cricketer. Groups of children (and adults) came flocking to see him and get autographs.

Photo by : Balaji

Diner : There is a button in my salad.

Waiter : It must have fallen off while the salad was dressing!

D. Anitha, aged 13,
Madras - 600 014.



Ram : Have you ever seen a man-eating tiger?

Shyam : No, but I have seen a man eating chicken.

Royston Affonso, aged 14,
Bombay - 500 058.

ANSWERS

Hey Diddle Riddle!



CIRCUS



- 1) The head of a duck
- 2) The horns of a cow
- 3) A lion's mane
- 4) The feet and paws of a lion

- 5) The body of a Zebra
- 6) It's left leg is that
of a cow.
- 7) It's right leg is a horse's.
- 8) The beast has got the
tail of a fish.

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CRICKET FEVER



Cannibal prince : Am I too late for dinner?

Cannibal king : Yes.
Everybody's eaten.

Rawlins Steve Murthy,
aged 14,
Secunderabad - 500 003.

VIEWPOINT

Dear Editor,

It is said that ministers are elected to look after the needs of the people. But when a minister comes to the city, the traffic is stopped till the minister has gone out of sight. This causes a lot of confusion. Traffic is delayed and people are inconvenienced. Why do the police stop traffic like that? Is the minister greater than the people who elected him?

**Ramya S., aged 14,
St. Joseph's Matriculation School,
Coimbatore.**

Dear Editor,

I completely agree with R. Sindhu (December '93 issue) that government cars are used for unnecessary trips. But it is not the ministers alone who do this. Government officers too, use these vehicles for personal use, thinking that the world has copious petrol resources.

**M. Saravanan,
Madras - 600 078.**

Dear Editor,

I agree with R. Sindhu. It will be good, if the P.M. requests his ministers to stop their see-offs and receptions at the airport.

**K.L. Aparna, aged 12,
Shri Nehru Vidyalaya,
Coimbatore.**

Dear Editor,

I am a regular reader of 'Gokulam'. I always see reader's letters criticising our country in this column. Can't they write congratulatory letters too?

**R. Prashanth, aged 13,
Sri Sankara Vidyalaya,
Madras.**

* Terrorising Trees!



Dear Editor,

Recently in our city, a government order was released saying every two-wheeler rider should wear a helmet. This rule is inconvenient - in hot weather, a helmet is uncomfortable. It ruins hairstyles too. Why don't they extend this rule to lorry drivers and car drivers? Don't they have heads to be protected too?

**Samson N. Sachin,
Bangalore.**

Dear Editor,

Every morning when I wake up, I hear devotional songs from a nearby temple being blared on loudspeakers. These devo-





* Wake up tunes!

tional songs are sung to the tunes of popular movie hits.

This should be put to a stop as it is not in good taste.

**Golu Vipul Bhasin, aged 13,
Gwalior.**

*You haven't given your addresses,
Sachin and Bhasin. Please send it to us.*

Ed.

Dear Editor,

I want to try answer Karuna's (January '94 issue) question. Films are a very major source of entertainment for us. Youth are very much influenced by them.

They try to immitate the *goondaism* so much glamorised in movies these days. They begin to think they have to oppose everything.

As for the question of India's future, liquids take the shape of the container into which they are poured. Students should be set a good example by our law-makers and our movie-makers.

**Kavitha Krishnan, aged 13,
Goa - 403 602.**

Dear Editor,

I completely disagree with R. Priya (November '93 issue). Beggars cannot be 'banned' like that. A 'Beggars Association' can be formed which will help them stand on their feet. They can make handicrafts and help in small industries.

**R.S. Ramu, aged 15,
Tanjore - 613 001.**

Dear Editor,

This is with reference to R. Amrutha's letter (December '93 issue).

One of the main reasons for India's depleting forest wealth is our 'tree policy', or lack of it. We don't plant a tree for each one we cut.

The 'green rule' should be enforced strictly.

**V. Madhulika,
Madras - 600 004.**

Dear Editor,

Destroying trees is a major problem. The government does not punish tree-fellers adequately. If the one killed was a human being (and not a tree), the guilty would be given a death sentence. But in the case of a tree, the guilty people go scot free. Only the tree is dead forever.

Because of indiscriminate felling of trees, several species of trees and animals are becoming extinct.

Canada has an effective watch-system. They have a sophisticated and efficient system to guard trees and animals.

**Gishu R. Pillai,
Thane - 400 605.**

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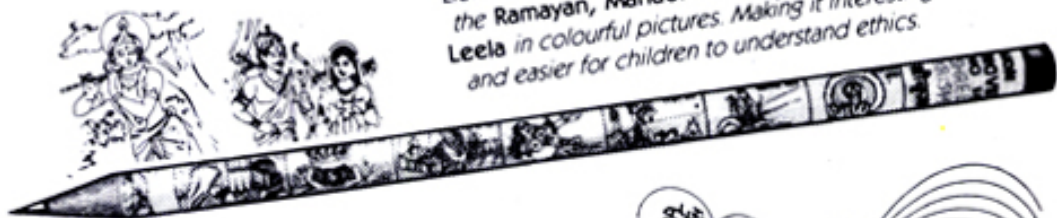
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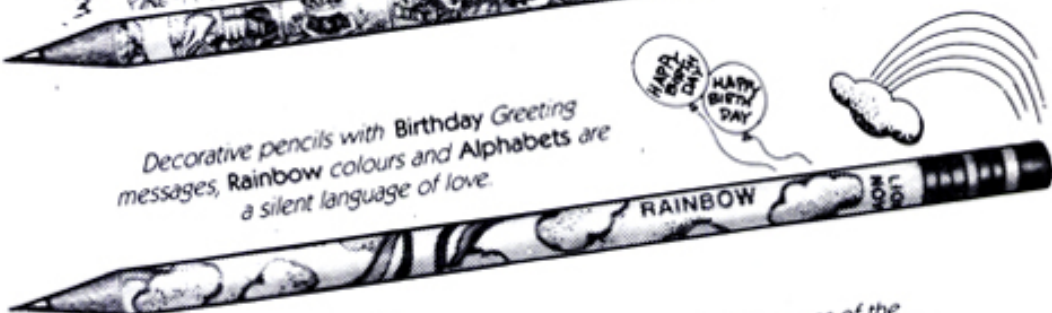
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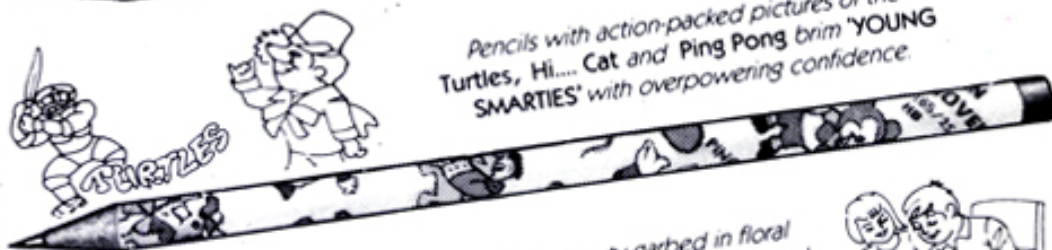
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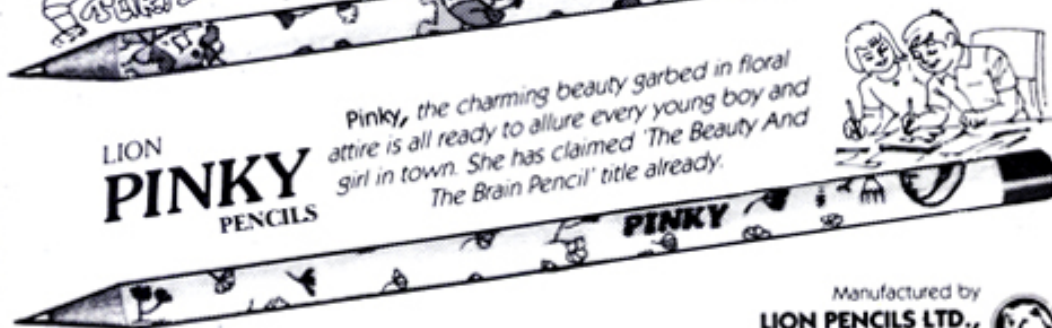


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